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COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. LXXXVIII. No. 2286.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9th, 1940

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Advertisements for this column are accepted at the rate of 2d. per word prepaid (if Box Number used 9d. extra), and must reach this office not later than Friday morning for the coming week's issue.

All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "COUNTRY LIFE," Southampton Street, Strand, London.

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SOLUTION to No. 562

The winner of this crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of November 2nd will be announced next week.

B	S	A	M	A	N	D	R	E	W
P	R	E	T	E	N	D	I	U	E
O	U	O	L	A	L	A	R	M	S
S	W	E	D	E	N	B	O	R	G
N	Y	R	O	R	E	L	E	R	
T	S	O	V	E	R	T	H	E	D
W	A	T	E	R	A	T	R	E	A
O	A	D	A	M	A	G	E	A	I
W	H	I	T	E	I	L	E	N	I
I	R	A	D	M	I	R	A	L	S
C	E	C	I	L	A	E	C	W	
K	A	B	R	I	D	G	W	A	T
E	N	S	U	R	E	R	R	B	L
T	E	A	B	O	M	I	N	A	B
S	I	S	T	E	R	N	D	L	S

ACROSS.

- The kind of rides that "F. E." went in for? (7)
- Adjective that describes much of Tennyson's poetry (7)
- Easter and Whitsun floods? (two words, 6, 5)
- Vegetable ammunition (4)
- Jim Crows do so from the reverse of it (4)
- Drained (7)
- "Sailed" (anagr.) (6)
- Old creed in a nice new form (6)
- What trade moves in and trades boys on (6)
- The sixth letter goes to the left of the other side (6)
- "Untwisting all the—that tie The hidden soul of harmony."—Milton (6)
- One of the motorist's diversions nowadays (6)
- Attic but not necessarily Greek windows (7)
- As often as it occurs in a concept (4)
- River with a dual existence? (4)
- A pattern to stick in one's throat? (11)
- Poetic catkins (7)
- "She-boar" (anagr.) (7).

"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 563

A prize of books to the value of 2 guineas, drawn from those published by COUNTRY LIFE, will be awarded for the first correct solution to this puzzle opened in this office. Solutions should be addressed (in a closed envelope) "Crossword No. 563, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2." and must reach this office not later than the **first post on the morning of Friday, November 15th, 1940.**

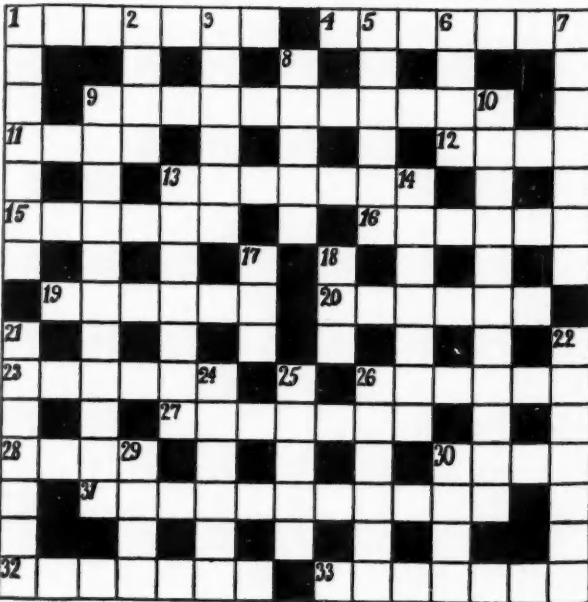
The winner of Crossword No. 561 is

Miss T. M. Hope, Crix, Hatfield Peverel, Essex.

DOWN.

- A vivid, but not necessarily an illustrated description (two words, 7, 7)
- See 3 down
- With potatoes and prunes they are "very good words for the 2 down" (Dickens) (6)
- Taken in a conveyance (6)
- "The wine of life is drawn, and the mere — Is left this vault to brag of."—Shakespeare (4)
- 7 and 22. Dressing-table accessories (two words, 7, 7)
- An entrance for a dramatic critic (6)
- Not an adventurous marriage, though perhaps illuminating (two words, 6, 5)
- It sounds ready made for a Parliament in Gloucestershire (two words, 6, 5)
- "O sweet and far from cliff and scar. The horns of—faintly blowing."—Tennyson (7)
- A dowsler does for some clergymen (7)
- 17 and 18. Sentimental comparison made with an animal frequently (two words, 2, 4)
- See 1 down
- See 7 down
- Horse and plant
- What the last line says it is? Correct (5)
- Not a thirsty policeman at Eton (6)
- Anagram of 6 down (4)
- The heart of Minton (4).

"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 563



Name

Address

COUNTRY LIFE

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AND COUNTRY PURSUITS.

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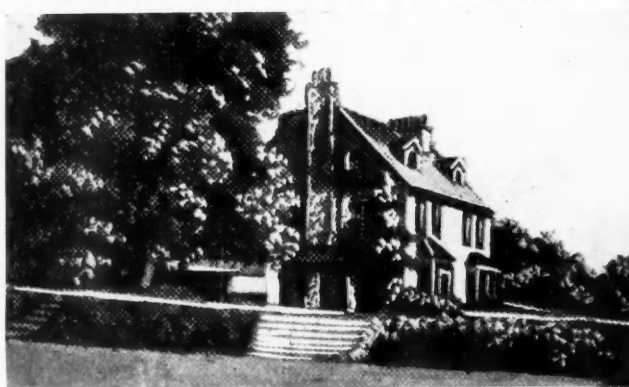
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TRESIDDER & CO.

77 SOUTH AUDLEY STREET, W.1.

£5,000

20 ACRES

OXON—BUCKS (borders: about 12 miles from High Wycombe and Henley; 300ft. up on Chilterns).

DELIGHTFUL MODERN RESIDENCE

Lounge hall, 3 reception, bathroom, 8 bedrooms.

Electric light. Telephone.

STABLING.

COTTAGE.

GARAGE.

HARD TENNIS COURT. CHARMING GARDENS

Kitchen garden, pasture and woodland.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (13,227.)

SOMERSET—DEVON

(and Dorset borders; 8 miles Taunton, amidst beautiful country; 750ft. up on southern slope).—FOR SALE or to be LET UNFURNISHED, a picturesque

REGENCY MANOR HOUSE

Billiards room. Lounge hall. 3 reception.

14 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

Central heating.

Electric light.

Garage for 3, stables for 3, double cottage.

CHARMING GROUNDS

Tennis courts, 9-hole golf course, walled kitchen garden, orchard and old pasture.

28 ACRES

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (13,596.)

Inspected and very strongly recommended.

GUILDFORD & DORKING

(Safe area between); 500ft. up.

A MOST ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE

Well equipped and easy to run; main water, electricity, central heating.

12-14 bedrooms. 4 bathrooms. 5 good-sized reception.

Garage. Stabling. Lodge. Flat.

Hard and grass tennis courts; swimming pool; very charming gardens, kitchen garden, glasshouses, orchard and pastureland; 27 ACRES.

VERY REASONABLE PRICE for QUICK SALE

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£5,000.

RARE OPPORTUNITY.

1-mile Trout Fishing.

DEVON

Beautiful part of Dartmoor.

CHARMING GRANITE-BUILT HOUSE

4 reception, billiard room, studio, 2 bathrooms, 7 bedrooms.

Electric light. Central heating. Telephone.

Garage, stabling, farmhouse and buildings.

LANDSCAPE GARDENS SLOPING TO RIVER.

Bathing pool. Pasture and arable.

65 ACRES

Land easily let if not wanted.

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£4,250

GREAT SACRIFICE

40 MINUTES LONDON

600ft. up. Lovely views. Rural position.

MODERN CHARACTER RESIDENCE

Panelled lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, 3 bathrooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms.

Wash basins (h. and c.) in main bedrooms.

Main services. Central heating. Telephone.

Garage for 4. 2 Cottages.

MOST ATTRACTIVE GROUNDS

Tennis lawn, rock garden, kitchen garden, orchard and paddock; 5 ACRES

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WANTED

WANTED (away from military objectives, preferably Cotswolds), modernised COUNTRY HOUSE (10-14 bedrooms); garage, cottages if possible; grounds and paddock.—"M." TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1.

WANTED (in Somerset or Devon for preference, with good salmon fishing).—COUNTRY HOUSE (7-8 bedrooms). Up to £10,000 would be paid for the right place.—"C." TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1.

FOR SALE.—A choice COUNTY PROPERTY, replete with every modern convenience, placed in delightful surroundings, about 5 minutes walk from the railway station, and good bus facilities, 4½ miles from Leicester. A Residence of outstanding dignity and attraction, and principally containing lounge hall, cloak room and lavatory, 3 reception, billiard and dance rooms, well equipped domestic and out offices, 11 bed and dressing rooms, etc., h. and c. in principal ones, 3 bathrooms; stable and garage block, chauffeur's cottage, other out premises; central heating throughout; surrounded by delightful gardens and park-like grounds extending to about 6 acres.—"A.657." c/o COUNTRY LIFE Offices, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2.

FOR SALE.—Southport: safe area, DESIRABLE RESIDENCE, perfect condition. 3 ent., 7 beds, 2 bath, 1 box, maid's sitting room. Double garage. Well laid-out garden. Excellent situation. Sea views. Vacant possession. —Apply, BALL & PERCIVAL, Southport.

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Price 2/6.

SELECTED LISTS FREE.

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HOLLOWAY, PRICE & CO.,
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SAFE AREA (Wharfedale).—Small XVIIIth-Century COUNTRY HOUSE, within half-hour Leeds, Bradford, Harrogate. Recently converted and modernised regardless of expense. 3 sitting rooms, cloakroom, 4 bedrooms. Central heating; electric light; triplex range. Hot and cold water in bedrooms. Large garage. 1½ acres garden and orchard. —Write Box 623, c/o JUDDS, 47, Gresham Street, E.C.2.

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Business Established over 100 years.

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MEMBERS OF THE CHARTERED SURVEYORS' AND AUCTIONEERS' INSTITUTES

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PICCADILLY, W.1.

Old-World Residence in Wilts

Close to the Downs, near Salisbury.
It dates back about 250 years.
3 reception, 6-8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Up to date
STABLING. CHARMING GARDENS.
Trout Fishing in Avon
For Sale by OSBORN & MERCER. (M.2,140.)

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE

In a delightful situation, 400ft. up with lovely views.
Attractive STONE-BUILT HOUSE with 3 reception,
9 bedrooms, bathroom. Electric light, central heating.
Cottage. Stabling. Farmbuildings.
For Sale with 5 or 80 ACRES (the latter showing
return).
Agents, OSBORN & MERCER. (15,243.)

SOMERSET-WILTS-DORSET BORDERS

A DELIGHTFUL COUNTRY HOUSE
With modern appointments and containing 3 reception,
9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.
2 Cottages. Stabling. Paddocks.
For Sale with 24 ACRES (or less if required).
Inspected by OSBORN & MERCER. (17,183.)

AYLESBURY AND BANBURY

(Between): 4 miles from Bicester Kennels, convenient
for Main Line Station to London.
Sheltered situation in rural country.—For Sale—
AN UP-TO-DATE COUNTRY HOUSE.



Main electricity and water. Central heating.
Lounge hall, 3 reception, dozen bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.
Hunter Stabling. Farmery. 3 Cottages.
Very Pleasant Gardens. Excellent Pasture.
Hard Tennis Court. Squash Court.
24 Acres
Sole Agents, OSBORN & MERCER. Inspected and
highly recommended. (16,730.)

FARM OF 600 ACRES (mainly grass).

For Sale in **HEREFORDSHIRE**. Vacant possession.
Historical Old House
with 9 bedrooms, 3 reception rooms, etc.
Ample buildings. Several cottages.
Extensive orchards. Trout ponds. Nominal outgoings.
Full details from OSBORN & MERCER.

FAVOURITE MIDLAND COUNTY ATTRACTIVE AGRICULTURAL AND SPORTING ESTATE ABOUT 1,500 ACRES

All let and showing first-rate return
CAPITAL SHOOTING. TROUT FISHING.
FOR SALE by OSBORN & MERCER.

ATTRACTIVE LANDED INVESTMENT. SUFFOLK. IN A CAPITAL AGRICULTURAL AND SPORTING NEIGHBOUR- HOOD, NEAR BURY ST. EDMUNDS AND NEWMARKET.

ABOUT 1,200 ACRES
with superior principal Residence, 2 excellent Farm-
houses. Adequate buildings. Numerous Cottages.
For Sale by OSBORN & MERCER.

SALOP—CHESHIRE BORDERS BEAUTIFUL ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE WITH CAPITAL DAIRY FARM Long stretch of Trout Fishing



For Sale by OSBORN & MERCER.

The Residence stands high
on sandy soil with southerly
aspect, and has about 10
bedrooms, usual reception
rooms, etc. Modern
conveniences.
Cottages. Stabling.
Splendid range of Farm-
buildings.
Attractive pleasure gardens,
parklands, rich, well-
watered pastures; in all
about
240 ACRES

OXON AND BUCKS BORDERS

ON THE WESTERN SLOPES OF THE CHILTERN HILLS
Completely rural. Fine panoramic views.

DELIGHTFUL SMALL MODERN HOUSE

Lounge hall, 3 reception,
8 bedrooms, bathroom.
Modern conveniences.
Lodge. Stabling. Garage
Matured gardens; hard
tennis court. Paddock and
woodland.
20 ACRES
For Sale by OSBORN
and MERCER. (14,191.)



Also at
RUGBY,
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44, ST. JAMES'S PLACE, S.W.1. (Regent 0911.)

OXFORD,
CHIPPING
NORTON.

CLOSE TO THE WILTSHIRE DOWNS GEORGIAN COUNTRY RESIDENCE



Stabling. Garage. 2 cottages.

ABOUT 20 ACRES

Inspected and recommended by Owner's Agents, Messrs. JAMES STYLES and
WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (L.R. 19,671.)

about 500ft. above
sea level, amidst un-
spoiled surroundings,
commanding lovely
views of the Downs.
Near village and
omnibus service.
Excellent sporting
district.
Lounge hall and 3
sitting rooms, 9 bed-
rooms, 2 bathrooms
and magnificent
cellars.
Electric light.
Partial central heating.
Constant hot water.

FARMS FOR SALE

HEREFORDSHIRE

230 ACRES. MIXED FARM. Stone-built Manor House of 7 bedrooms and 2
bathrooms; splendid buildings; 3 cottages (L.F. 10,272.)

WILTS-GLOS BORDERS

500 ACRES (principally pasture). FINE STONE-BUILT RESIDENCE of Manor
House type; 4 cottages; ample buildings. (L.F. 10,013.)

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150 ACRES (grass). VERY COMFORTABLE HOME; also 2 superior semi-
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with immediate possession — "lock, stock and barrel." (L.F. 15,675.)

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300 ACRES. DAIRY FARM. Very good House; fine range of buildings.
(L.F. 15,643.)
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5, GRAFTON ST.,
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URGENTLY REQUIRE

FOR NUMEROUS APPLICANTS

COUNTRY HOUSES

SITUATE IN

BUCKS, HANTS, BERKS,
OXFORDSHIRE, ETC.

WITH FROM

6 UP TO 20 BEDROOMS.

TO PURCHASE OR RENT

MAPLE & Co., 5, Grafton Street, Old Bond Street, W.1.



BEACONSFIELD, BUCKS FOR SALE FREEHOLD

The above very delightful HOUSE and GROUNDS of
1½ ACRES, situate in the best part of this favourite district.
It has all modern comforts, central heating, fitted lavatory
basins, oak floors, etc.
Hall, fine drawing room, dining room, 7 bed and
dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms. GARAGES.
Gardens include hard tennis court, and open on to
beautiful woodland in rear.
Recommended by Sole Agents: MAPLE & Co., 5, Grafton
Street, Old Bond Street, W.1.

EXPERT VALUERS

MODERN AND ANTIQUE FURNITURE,
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Telephone No.:
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(ESTABLISHED 1778)

25, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

And at
Hobart Place, Eaton Sq.,
12, Victoria Street,
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Quite fresh in the Market.

HAMPSHIRE

In a very secluded and quiet position in well-timbered country.



FOR SALE

A HOUSE OF DISTINCT CHARACTER standing in about 20 ACRES

and containing 12 bed and dressing (h. and c. basins), 3 bath and 4 reception rooms, etc. Co.'s services. GARAGE AND FLAT. STABLING.

Low Price for Quick Sale

Owner's Agents: GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1.

FOR INVESTMENT

Income £340 per annum. No Tithe. Land Tax £18.

PRICE £6,500

FARM OF 290 ACRES WITH FARM HOUSE AND GOOD BUILDINGS.

The land is all pasture, including 30 acres water meadows, and comprises some of the best land in the district.

SIX MILES DORCHESTER.

GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1. (B.7095.)

AGRICULTURAL INVESTMENT IN DEVON

OVER 1,000 ACRES

in a ring fence, handy for good markets and in a good sporting district.

Very commodious FARMHOUSES (suitable for adaptation for private residence).

Full particulars from GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1.

CHIDDINGFOLD—GODALMING COUNTRY

In glorious surroundings, 420ft. above sea, on sandy soil and secure from spoilation.



Luxuriously planned and built in the most expensive manner a few years ago, this HOUSE of definite character may be purchased: 9 bedrooms (all with h. and c. basins), 4 bathrooms, large games room, 3 exceptionally fine reception rooms, maids' room, etc., etc. Co.'s electricity and water. 1-mile drive with lodge; garage; beautiful old trees, woodlands and pastures; up to 45 ACRES, as required. Owner's Agents: GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1. (D.1058.)

WANTED

£10,000 WILL BE PAID FOR 300 ACRES in the FARNHAM DISTRICT OF SURREY

OTHER PARTS WITHIN 60 MILES WEST OF TOWN CONSIDERED.

Possession and a really nice HOUSE with 6 bedrooms and 3 sitting rooms, etc., liked.

Suitable buildings and cottages *sine qua non* and, if necessary, somewhat more land would be purchased.

Replies to W.P. (C.60), c/o GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1.

IN NORTH BUCKINGHAMSHIRE UP TO 1,000 ACRES

of sound AGRICULTURAL LAND, either *en bloc* or in individual farms.

Tenants not disturbed if let, but possession of part for purchaser's occupation preferred.

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FOR CHOICE (WALLINGFORD LIKED).

TO PURCHASE

A WELL-APPOINTED HOUSE

With 8-12 bedrooms, etc.; from 10 acres upwards.

LODGE OR COTTAGE IF POSSIBLE.

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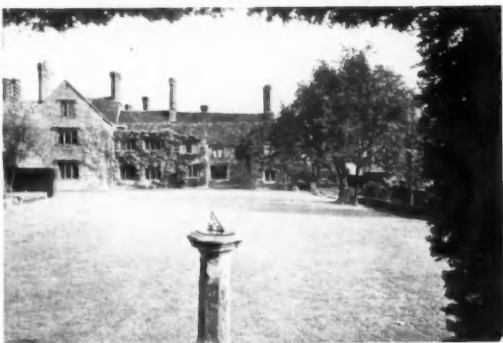
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ALSO AT LONDON, RUGBY & BIRMINGHAM

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39.

BEAUTIFUL TUDOR MANOR HOUSE—FOUR MILES FROM BANBURY



Occupying a secluded position on the outskirts of a favourite North Oxfordshire village.

A COUNTRY PROPERTY.

combining comfort and safety yet with every convenience and privacy.

3 reception rooms, library or billiards room, 6 principal bed and dressing rooms (all fitted with lavatory basins), 4 secondary bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

Main water, electric light and drainage.
Central heating throughout.

GARAGE for 3 cars.

STABLING. 2 COTTAGES.



CHARMING PLEASURE GARDEN, AND WELL-STOCKED KITCHEN GARDEN; IN ALL ABOUT 2 ACRES. FOR SALE FREEHOLD

The whole property is in exceptionally good order and is recommended by the Owner's Agents: JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, Oxford.

BETWEEN OXFORD AND HENLEY

3 reception rooms, billiards room, 6 principal and 3 secondary bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms.

Main drainage and electric light. Central heating. Good water supply.

6 ACRES. PRICE FREEHOLD £5,250

Agents: JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, Oxford and Chipping Norton.

URGENTLY WANTED TO PURCHASE

Messrs. JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK are in touch with genuine applicants who are seeking COUNTRY PROPERTIES in the Southern and South Midland Counties at prices ranging from £1,000 to £10,000.

Owners or Solicitors please send details to Estate Offices, 16, King Edward Street Oxford.

CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS & HARRISON

Leading Agents for SALOP, HEREFORD, WORCS., CHESHIRE, WALES, Etc.

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(Phone 2061, or 3563 out of office hours)

(Formerly branch of CONSTABLE & MAUDE, of London, W.1.)

SHROPSHIRE

(a few miles west of Shrewsbury).

A FIRST-CLASS ESTATE OF 706 ACRES FOR SALE

including a LARGE MANSION (20-22 bed, 3 bath, 5 reception rooms, central heating and main electricity), with possession at Christmas.

3 valuable Farms (let to old standing tenants at £2 per acre), Cottages, Small Holdings, and several thousand pounds' worth of timber.

PRICE £36,000 FREEHOLD

Ideal for occupation and investment. (The Mansion and a small area of Parkland would be sold for £5,500.) Sole Agents: CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS & HARRISON, Shrewsbury. (Phone 2061.)

By Order of Mrs. R. Stewart-Browne.

BRYN-Y-GROG HALL

Near WREXHAM

DENBIGHSHIRE (near Shropshire border).

A FINE GEORGIAN HOUSE

in a small Park.

Hall, 3 very good reception, 3 bath, 11 bedrooms.

Main electricity.

COTTAGE. GARAGES, Etc.

In all 34 ACRES

FOR SALE WITH EARLY POSSESSION.

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£4,950 with 4 Acres. £5,950 with 25 Acres.

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Absolute Peace and Safety.

A MOST LOVELY HOUSE

In a perfect setting. Easy run good Market Town.

Near small Town.

Large lounge hall, fine drawing room and 2 other good reception rooms, 13 bed and dressing rooms, 3 baths, excellent offices. Main electricity; gravitation water; central heating. Garage and buildings. Charming Grounds with walled kitchen garden. Cottage, model farmery, pasture and woodland; in all about

25 ACRES

Highly recommended by Owner's Agents, CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS & HARRISON, Shrewsbury. (Ph. 2061.)

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ESTABLISHED 1875.

DEVONSHIRE

ATTRACTIVE MODERN HOUSE

built of brick, roughcast, with overhanging
gables and Delabole slate roof.

Set in a peaceful and secluded position, high
up in beautifully wooded country.

4 RECEPTION ROOMS.
13 BEDROOMS.
3 BATHROOMS.
USUAL OFFICES.

Central Heating.

2 COTTAGES.
GARAGE AND STABLING.



CHARMING GARDENS AND GROUNDS

well wooded, with sloping lawns, lily pond,
formal garden, wild garden, swimming
pool.

IN ALL ABOUT 600 ACRES
of which 450 are woodland and the arable
is let.

TO BE LET UNFURNISHED

Trout Fishing. Golf.

CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street
W.1. (15,431A.)

BERKSHIRE (about 12 miles from Reading, and
conveniently placed in a village).—4 reception rooms,
16 bedrooms, 7 bathrooms. Electric light; part
central heating. Garage for 4 cars with rooms for
chauffeur. Grass tennis court. Over 12 acres of
grounds. Well-stocked kitchen gardens.

TO LET FURNISHED AT A REASONABLE RENT,
or FOR SALE. (8950.)

BETWEEN DORCHESTER AND CREWKERNE

—A Fine RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL
ESTATE, comprising Charming Old Tudor Residence,
2 excellent Farms of 900 Acres; 15 Cottages. Pasture-
land in hand. Fishing and sporting rights. In all
about 1,000 Acres. Surrounded by a ring fence.

FOR SALE AT A REASONABLE PRICE.
(14,083.)

STAFFORDSHIRE (Stoke-on-Trent district and
within half-an-hour's drive of Dovedale). Artistic
MODERN RESIDENCE, strongly built, with cement
cream-coloured surface and slated roof. 3 large
reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, expensively fitted bath-
room. Electricity and heating. 2 Garages. Beauti-
fully arranged Garden. Tennis court and lawn. South
aspect and open views. TO LET FURNISHED or
FOR SALE with or without 5 Acres of grounds. (15,477A.)

3, MOUNT STREET,
LONDON, W.1.

RALPH PAY & TAYLOR

Telephones :
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BASINGSTOKE 8 MILES

Amidst Hampshire hills. Little known locality.

GEORGIAN HOUSE of unusual Character ESTATE IN MINIATURE

4 reception, 16 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.
Main electricity and water. Central heating.
STABLING (6). GARAGES (6).
Small Home Farm and buildings. 9 Cottages.
Lovely GARDENS, grassland of 16 ACRES.

PRICE £10,000

This property is ideal for any useful purpose. (12,493.)

LEICS.-RUTLAND BORDERS

Convenient for Oakham and Melton Mowbray.

DISTINCTIVE WELL-EQUIPPED RESIDENCE

9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms.
Electric light. Main water.
STABLING (9). GARAGE (4). LODGE (5 bedrooms).
2 Cottages.
Delightful inexpensive GARDENS, paddocks; in all
about 8 ACRES.

PRICE FREEHOLD £6,000

Full details, apply RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, 3, Mount
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MID-DORSET—BETWEEN DORCHESTER AND SALISBURY

IN SEQUESTERED VALLEY AT FOOT OF DOWNS.

FINE HISTORICAL HOUSE

In small old-world Village and adjacent
to Nobleman's Park and Estate, Gravel
soil.

4 RECEPTION, PERIOD INTERIOR,
15 BEDROOMS, 8 BATHROOMS.

Main electricity. Plentiful water. Central
heating. New Drainage.

Garages. Stabling. 2 Cottages.

DELIGHTFUL GROUNDS
OF 7 ACRES

Lawns, tennis courts, squash court,
bathing pool, kitchen garden.

GOOD TROUT FISHING (1 mile).

ROUGH SHOOTING.



UNFURNISHED LEASE OF 40 YEARS TO BE ASSIGNED

Recommended with every confidence by RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, as above.

AGRICULTURAL INVESTMENTS FOR SALE

CAPITAL COTSWOLD FARM

of over
400 ACRES

FIRST-CLASS FARMHOUSE AND COMMODIOUS
FARMBUILDINGS.

5 Cottages.

A SOUND 4 per cent. INVESTMENT

BUCKS.-BED. BORDERS

VALUABLE AGRICULTURAL ESTATE

comprising

A COMPACT BLOCK OF FARMS

of about

850 ACRES

NOMINAL OUTGOINGS.

MIDLANDS

FOUR FIRST-CLASS FARMS

extending to about

700 ACRES

with attractive HOMESTEADS AND COMPLETE SETS
OF BUILDINGS (all in excellent state of repair),

producing a
GROSS INCOME OF OVER £1,100 p.a.

NOMINAL OUTGOINGS.

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SPECIALISTS IN THE DISPOSAL OF COUNTRY ESTATES AND HOUSES

SACKVILLE HOUSE, 40, PICCADILLY, W.1.

Telephone: REGENT 2481.

ONLY £1,900 POSSESSION AT ONCE

THIS HOUSE, AT WOKING, SURREY

(5 minutes station and half-an-hour Waterloo), will solve the problem, at a very moderate
price, of the business man who has to travel daily to London but seeks the higher degree of
safety by living outside the most vulnerable zone.



It is in perfect order,
requires no further
outlay, is solidly
built, of pleasing
architecture, and con-
nected with all main
services, partial cen-
tral heating, fixed
wash basins; 3 recep-
tion, 6 bedrooms,
well-appointed bath-
room; new decora-
tions and fireplaces;
double garage.

Well-stocked, secluded
garden, about a third
of an acre.

FREEHOLD.

Inspected and strongly recommended. Agents: F. L. MERCER & Co., Sackville
House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1.
(Entrance in Sackville Street.) Tel.: Regent 2481.

SOMERSET. 5 MILES FROM TAUNTON

A SAFE AREA IN DELIGHTFUL COUNTRY.

With extensive views of the Quantock and Blackdown Hills.

£2,000 WITH 2 ACRES



A quaint and
picturesque HOUSE
about 300 years old.
Restored and mod-
ernised. The situation
is peaceful and se-
cluded, with bus
service near, and the
rooms are unusually
spacious. 3 reception,
6 bedrooms, bath-
room. Lighting and
cooking by cylinder
petrol gas (efficient
and economical) constant hot water
service, septic tank
drainage. Garage.

Pleasant
old-fashioned
Garden and Orchard.

EARLY POSSESSION WILL BE GIVEN.

Agents: F. L. MERCER & Co., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1.
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WILSON & CO.

Telephone:
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YORKSHIRE. HIGH UP WITH SUPERB VIEWS. EASY REACH OF YORK



Beautifully Appointed STONE-BUILT HOUSE

in splendid order. Up-to-date in every respect.

Electricity. Radiators throughout.

Wash basins (h. and c.) to bedrooms.

4 charming reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms, 3 baths.

Stabling. Garages. Cottage.

DELIGHTFUL GARDENS.

Woodland and Paddocks.

16 ACRES. FOR SALE

MIGHT BE LET FURNISHED.



Sole Agents: WILSON & CO., 14, Mount Street, London, W.1. Personally inspected and recommended.

4 MILES FROM HAYWARDS HEATH, AMIDST BEAUTIFUL SUSSEX SCENERY

50 MINUTES FROM LONDON BY EXPRESS ELECTRIC TRAIN. EASY REACH OF THE SOUTH COAST. HIGH UP. SOUTH ASPECT.



LOVELY OLD-WORLD HOUSE

Fine old oak panelling and beams. Luxuriously appointed and in perfect order.

7 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, large lounge and 3 reception rooms.

Main electric light and water.

Central heating.

COTTAGE. BUNGALOW. STABLING AND GARAGE.

ONE OF THE SHOW GARDENS OF SUSSEX



THE SUBJECT OF LARGE EXPENDITURE. LEASE FOR DISPOSAL WITH 14 ACRES.

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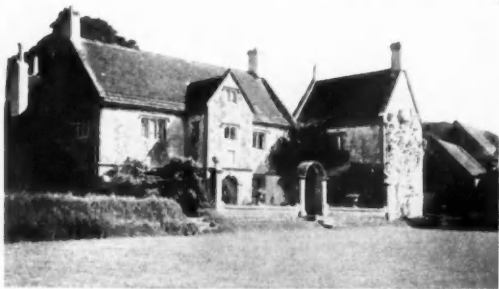
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COUNTRY LIFE

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9th, 1940

Vol. LXXXVIII. No. 2286



Bassano

38, Dover St., W.I.

MRS. F. M. SCANLON

Mrs. Scanlon is the wife of Brigadier-General F. Martin Scanlon, who was recently given the newly created post of Air Attaché in London for the United States of America. General Scanlon was previously, as Colonel Scanlon, Assistant Military Attaché. He has served with distinction in Rome, Paris, the Philippines and Washington

COUNTRY LIFE

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"Country Life" Crossword No. 563 p. ii.

POSTAL CHARGES.—The Editor reminds correspondents and contributors that any communications requiring a reply must be accompanied by the requisite stamps. Notice is given that MSS. submitted will not be returned unless this condition is complied with.

POSTAGES ON THIS ISSUE: INLAND 2d., CANADA 1½d., ABROAD 2d.

FOOD POLICY AND FARM POLICY

THE statement of policy recently made by the Minister of Agriculture to the House of Commons had very few critics. One of them, however, is worthy of consideration. Mr. Morgan, the Member for Doncaster, reinforced the plea of Mr. Lloyd George that little or nothing could be discerned in recent ministerial pronouncements to indicate that the position of the agricultural industry was regarded as a matter of urgency. The corn-grower and the beef farmer, he said, were gaining hand over fist over the dairy farmer. There was a feeling that the policy of the Minister of Agriculture was being worked out too closely with the National Farmers' Union. The cardinal fault in the present policy was that the farmer was forced to ask for prices that would include the capital cost of developing the extra 4,000,000 acres that were to be put into cultivation within the period of the war. That could not satisfactorily be done from the point of view of the community. The Ministry of Food was dominated by food importers who thought of food supplies in terms of the availability of supplies from overseas. The agricultural industry should have a real place in the Ministry of Food. Though the sting of this pronouncement is clearly in the tail—or just behind it—it is worth while to consider how far this attempt to create opposition between the Ministry of Agriculture and the Ministry of Food is effective. In a country like this there should be no difference between Food Policy and Farm Policy. They ought to be one and the same thing. There are very few people to-day in Great Britain who can afford to produce food as a private hobby. We are bound to be short of food supplies so long as the supply of freightage is not equal to that normally devoted to the transport of food to these islands. When, therefore, the National Farmers' Union, very curtly, it may be, but certainly candidly, told the Prime Minister that the price reductions proposed by the Ministry of Agriculture for 1941—affecting, as they do, cattle, pigs, feeding barley and oats, quite apart from the stabilisation of the price of wheat—are bound to lead to a very difficult situation, they were, no doubt, listened to with respect. The Prime Minister's reply was, however, that the new price levels had been fixed for the purpose of securing increases in some types of production and decreases in others. "In some cases they may impose burdens," he said in his letter to the President of the National Farmers' Union, "in others there may even be a call to personal sacrifice in the national interests." Taken as a whole, however, Mr. Churchill maintained that the price levels fixed took their definite places in a general plan to meet the exceptional demands of the war. If this is strictly true, Food Policy and Farm Policy are the same.

The National Farmers' Union do not think so. They are unable to accept the Prime Minister's view of the price structures set out in the schedule. They agree with him that the call to duty goes out to the farms "as it does to the factories." "We ask for nothing," says Mr. Peacock, "better than to be treated as the factories are treated. But none of us knows of any manufacturing industry under State control which is compelled to accept for its products prices ordained, without prior consultation and agreement, by the Government Department concerned. The schedule of agricultural prices for 1940-41 was fixed by the Ministry of Food before we—or our colleagues in Scotland and Northern Ireland—had any knowledge of it. Thanks to your good offices, we were enabled to make last-minute representations to that Department, but they were completely abortive and were made in circumstances which represented a travesty of fair play to a great industry. That position is all the more deplored when we recall that the Ministry of Food does not possess—so far as we know—a single responsible officer, having any say in the determination of prices, who has practical knowledge of agri-

cultural production in this country. So far as concerns the Department's economic advisers, there is not one of them, within our knowledge, who has ever depended on farming for his livelihood and has a first-hand acquaintance with the economics of agricultural production. We know of no factory in a controlled industry which has to face a comparable condition." As we said in these columns last week, the very fact that Mr. Churchill admits that the Government's policy "may impose burdens, may even be a call to sacrifice" suggests that he, at any rate, realises that the nation's agricultural policy cannot be based exclusively on considerations of nutrition which would be absolutely valid in a world where we could obtain everything we wanted from across the seas. Things are a little different at the present time. Lord Woolton will easily be taught to cut his coat according to his cloth—and that is "none so bad."

PRELIMINARIES TO RECONSTRUCTION

IN a forthcoming issue Sir Charles Bressey will re-survey the Highway Development Survey of Greater London, for which he was responsible with Sir Edwin Lutyens before the war. The last few weeks have revolutionised the possibilities of replanning London. Far-reaching improvements, generally recognised as desirable, involved such widespread demolition that both the Government and local authorities were hesitating to put them into effect. Now all that is changed. Some of the demolitions have already been effected by the enemy, and, psychologically, the vast conglomeration of London has become fluid. The nation's eyes, so long cast affectionately backwards, have been forced forward to the possibilities of creating a really well planned metropolis. It is not too early to make preparations for a "master plan" to which all reconstruction must be subservient and to begin working out the administrative organisation. As Sir Charles Bressey has recently stated in *The Times*, "insuperable difficulties would attend such a task if deferred till after the war. In the atmosphere of impatience that always marks a cycle of unemployment, no time can be found for deliberation; public works must be started immediately, and if well considered plans are not available others have to be improvised, however faulty." The preparation of such plans is one of Lord Reith's functions at the Ministry of Works and Building; and in the Royal Academy Committee on reconstruction he has ready to hand a body that is already reviewing the subject and bringing the Bressey-Lutyens Survey up to date. Sir Charles will outline the aims and the spirit in which the Survey is being re-surveyed and enable readers to visualise for themselves what can and should be done.

A USE FOR ARCHITECTS

ARCHITECTS have been receiving a circular from the Ministry of Labour asking whether they are fully employed professionally on work of national importance, and, if not, will they volunteer for reconstruction work in some bombed town. This sounds a sensible proposal, compared to the baffling treatment architects received at the beginning of the war. "Reserved" from military service, but excluded from the Government's war-time undertakings, which were almost the only building operations permitted, they wondered what their experience and organising abilities were reserved for. Now they can receive £5 to £7 a week (there are also a few posts at £500 a year) advising on demolition and salvage. It is ordinary surveyor's work, but still it is something. And in many cases it is much more urgent and complicated than just advising on damaged walls. In cases of severe damage there is the menace of epidemics from shattered drains, the uses of débris—for example, as concrete for temporary reconstruction or supports—to be dealt with. There is, above all, the long-term question of re-planning. What Sir Charles Bressey says of London is as applicable to every town in the country: unless new plans are made well in advance of reconstruction, they will come too late. Expedients will have taken root, compromises will have ossified. Every town can afford to have an architect engaged not simply in patching up ruins but planning to turn misfortune to advantage.

SALONICA AGAIN

THE fact that Mussolini has, as it seems, his eye upon Salonica will bring back to many people memories of two and twenty years ago. The Seres road, the turbid waters of the Struma, Doiran in the distance, Olympus towering across the water, the medley of uniforms at Flocca's restaurant, dusty roads and peasants in red sashes on their meagre little donkeys, the great fire sweeping down from the old town at the top of the hill and the white mosques glimmering through the flames; Karasouli, where the reeds grew far out into the lake humming with poisonous life—here are a few of the pictures that may present themselves. They will be seen with mixed feelings, perhaps of thankfulness for seeing them only in the mind's eye. But, however that may be, all who were there will wish their old allies, now their new ones, all manner of success and victory in the face of this latest act of brigandage.

THE PRICE OF FISH

NONE can grudge fishermen a handsome profit when the dangers and difficulties of their calling are extreme, and after the starvation prices that have been their reward in recent years. On many parts of the coast the in-shore fishermen, for so long sacrificed to the interests of the trawlers, now provide the bulk of the fish landed and are earning ten to twenty times their pre-war figure. But, as Mr. Richard Perry describes in a letter in *Correspondence*, the reaction has gone far enough and an essential foodstuff has become beyond the reach of the poor man's purse. He makes out a strong case for a generous but strict control not only of prices but of the exemptions and restrictions



SOMETHING FISHY

Nobody grudges our gallant fishermen a good price for their catches now, although they have been wretchedly treated in the past. But the present price of fish is unreasonable, and calls for review by the Government of the whole position of the industry.

It is the fishermen themselves which have done much to aggravate the scarcity. A control of fish prices was imposed at the beginning of the war, but at such a level that the fishermen refused to land their fish. It was then lifted altogether, with the result that a few men make small fortunes while the majority are in the Navy and their dependents receive a bare subsistence pay in compensation.

POSSESSION OF A COTTAGE

A DECISION in the Court of Appeal is of interest to tenants of country cottages. A farmer at Chalfont St. Giles had let an empty farm labourer's cottage a year ago to a lady from London, who had since been joined by relatives whose London house had been bombed. The farmer now wanted the cottage for a labourer and had a certificate from the county war agriculture committee stating that the cottage was "required for the occupation of a farm worker necessary for the proper working of Church Farm." The said labourer and his family could not be accommodated elsewhere, so the tenant was given a week's notice. This had to be enforced in the county court, where the judge compassionately refused to make the order for possession on the grounds that he was not satisfied that the farm could not be worked without the cottage being occupied by the labourer; in fact, he questioned the decision of the agricultural committee. The Master of the Rolls ruled that the Rent Restriction Act did not protect the tenant of a cottage needed by the landlord for the proper working of his farm, and that there is no power to go behind a certificate from a county war agricultural committee. The great majority of tenants of country cottages are not likely to be affected by this decision: they have long leases not terminable on a week's notice, and have generally instituted improvements on the strength of them which no court of law could ignore. But the ruling may well concern numerous "refugees" in districts where the agricultural campaign is restoring employment, and they would be well advised to make enquiries accordingly.

THE FOUNTAINS

Dusk fell: and from our window we looked down
(And you and I were young, and it was May)
While in the gardens of a southern town
They lit the lights and made the fountains play.

The quiet, silver afternoon has passed,
Dusk falls, uncaring youth is fled away;
Yet still your loveliness can touch my heart,
Lighting the lights, making the fountains play.

D. C. FALKNER.

BOZZY'S BIRTHDAY

ON May 16th, 1763, Mr. Davies, the bookseller, followed to his door in Russell Street, Covent Garden, a young Scottish advocate who was feeling a little perturbed over his first meeting with a great man. "Don't be uneasy," said Mr. Davies reassuringly, "I can see you like me very well." Last week, on October 29th, was celebrated the 200th anniversary of that young advocate's birthday, and if his host came back to revisit Covent Garden, reeling perhaps ever so little in its walk, the whole world would rise up and tell him not to be uneasy, since it liked him very well indeed. Indeed, if it were possible to like him better at one time than another, this would surely be it, when we fly to our old friends for comfort and a little forgetfulness. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson a little later in their acquaintance, "let me tell you that to be a Scotch landlord, when you have a number of families dependent upon you and attached to you is perhaps as high a situation of humanity can arrive at." The proposition strikes us to-day as excessive, but to have innumerable people attached to you for writing the best of all biographies—that is a high situation indeed, and it will, mainly speaking, be still Bozzy's on his two-hundredth birthday.

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

Monster Trout—The Wrong Boat—Onion Shortage—Home Guard Clubs

BY MAJOR C. S. JARVIS.

THE other night, on entering the smoking-room of a riverside fishing hotel, I found there was a heated discussion in progress as to the identity of a big trout in a glass case on the wall. The landlord could throw no light upon it, as he had bought it at a sale many years ago. Time and weather had worn off the little painted notice in the left-hand corner of the glass front, so that only the weight, 8lb. 2oz., was decipherable, and two words above that were incomplete and conveyed nothing.

One angler said the fish was a giant sea trout from the Avon, as he had seen many the same size and had caught a few. Another said it was an estuary trout—one of those brown trout who come downstream and hang about in brackish water all their lives; while a third was positive it was a ferocious trout from Ireland. "No river in this part of the world has ever produced a brown trout that size nor ever will," he said.

I was asked for my opinion, and I went over to the case to examine it closely, trying to appear knowledgeable and give the impression that I am the sort of man who can count scales and give a definite decision, though in reality I cannot tell one species of trout from another once it has been stuffed, and am not very reliable before that has happened. I found, however, a most valuable clue, for I discovered that the indecipherable word was "Cumberland," and a little to its left were the remains of the word "caught"; and this not only proved the name of the captor, but also the identity of the fish and the approximate date of its demise.

At the end of the 'eighties the sewage of Dorchester flowed through an open drain into the Frome below the town, and round its effluent and for some two hundred yards downstream lurked sewer-fed trout of gigantic size. None of the fishermen of the district worried about these trout, partly because of their unsavoury habits and partly because they would not rise to a dry fly. Then early in the 'nineties a Major Cumberland of the Dorsets came for a tour of duty at the Depot and, having heard of and located the monsters, he devoted his attention to them, catching in the next three years practically every one, and their weights ranged from 6lb. to 9lb. I am not certain on what lure these were taken, as all this happened before my time, but I believe various small-pattern, brightly coloured sea-trout flies accomplished their capture, and the greater part of them are to-day hanging in the hall of the Officers' Mess in the Dorchester Depot.

So far as I remember, the last survivor of these giant dirty feeders was caught by Mr. Filleul either shortly before or immediately after the last war, and it was landed in a clothes-basket, as, owing to its enormous size, the ordinary landing-net was quite useless. Now there will be no more of these fish, as the sewage for many years has been properly controlled, and the average size of the Frome trout ranges from 3lb. to 2lb., as it did before the days when the sewer opened up possibilities for excessive growth.

A FRIEND of mine has just arrived home from Burma after a voyage that was devoid of excitement so far as bombs or submarines were concerned, but rich in digressions such as changes of route, unexpected delays and equally unexpected departures.

The shipping line that specialises in Burma is Bibby's, with their small but remarkably comfortable and steady motor vessels called after the English shires. In the days when I travelled annually from Egypt to England and back I was a Bibby addict for several reasons, but the most important one was that all the ships in this line are structurally the same. That is to say, once you have grasped the geography of one Bibby liner and can find your way to the dining-saloon, bathroom, smoke-room and all other important rooms, you are equally at home in any other ship of the line. This is a very great advantage on a short voyage, as one does not spend half one's time asking the stewards the way to the barber's shop when it is two decks down at the other end of the ship.

This similarity, however, has its drawbacks, and there is a dreadful story of a poorly paid Burma official who, after ten years' exile in steaming heat, had at last saved up sufficient money for leave home. Like the boy at school he scratched off the days on the calendar, until at last the happy day arrived and he set sail from Rangoon in the *Oxfordshire* for England. On arrival at Colombo some six days later he went ashore to see the sights, which means usually going straight to the Club and staying there until the ship sails, and then having cut things rather fine he hurried down to the quay, jumped into a waiting boat and shouted "Bibby!" The native boatman rowed him out to the anchored Bibby, which was sounding the siren to signal her departure, and shortly after the homeward-bound traveller reached the deck the screw began to throb and she was off.

Some ten minutes later, when the lights of Colombo were only a faint glow astern, he went to his cabin to find it occupied by another man, and there was a heated altercation.

"How can it be your cabin?" said the other man at last. "I've been in occupation of it ever since we left Liverpool."

"Liverpool!" gasped the exile. "Isn't this the *Oxfordshire* from Rangoon?"

"No, I'm afraid not," was the reply; "it's the *Shropshire* outward bound to Rangoon."

THE shortage of onions in this country is a matter which most of us foresaw would happen when Italy elected to take a hand in this war and thus foolishly threw away her extensive trade with us. As a matter of actual fact, Italy herself does not export many onions to this country, but her interference with the Mediterranean trade route has held up the very considerable onion export from Egypt and northern Africa. Spain, another great onion-producing country, has apparently been too much occupied with internal strife to continue her exports,

and the amount sent to this country dropped from over a million hundred-weights to one-tenth of that figure within the first year of her revolution and the trade has never picked up since.

Strange to say, it is the Netherlands that normally supply us with the majority of our onions, and those of us who try to grow this difficult but most essential vegetable wonder why Holland, with a colder climate than ours, is in a position to produce so many that she can export more than half her crop to the United Kingdom and still have sufficient for her own requirements. On the whole, onions, except in Bedfordshire, cannot be grown economically in this country for a variety of reasons, such as the excessive amount of weeding they require, the ravages of the onion fly, and their tendency to form a thick neck and refuse to ripen, or, alternatively, run up and go to seed.

Control of prices will not increase production when the onions do not exist, and the only solution seems to be concentration on the humble but obliging shallot, which is indigenous and approves of our uncertain climate, but that will not solve the problem during the coming winter and spring.

NOW that the risk of invasion no longer seems so imminent it is probably going to prove something of a task to keep keenness alive in the Home Guard during the depressing days of winter that lie before us.

The backbone of the force, the veterans between forty-five and fifty, who had seen active service in at least one war, when they came forward last May did not enlist from a love of soldiering, but in most cases solely because they felt their services were needed; because they felt determined that if light armoured columns and parachutists tried to overrun this country in a week, as they did in Norway, Holland and France, they would meet with more serious resistance and obstacles than they experienced on the Continent. A falling-off in numbers is becoming apparent in some districts, and this is not entirely due to the younger members being called up for the other Services, but also because some of the older men have the feeling that they are no longer required.

In a hurriedly formed force like the Home Guard there are, of course, square pegs in round holes—that is inevitable—but by this time things should have sorted themselves out and men with initiative, tact and energy been chosen for the important if lowly post of section commanders. In the countryside it is the section commander who must hold the force together, and in many villages small Home Guard clubs are being formed where in the evening, after half an hour's drill or miniature range practice, the men can get together and play darts or cards. The Home Guard tie also has already been designed and is on sale in most areas, and if the Home Guard tie can become as popular and carry as much weight as certain other ties the future of the force should be assured.

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND FOR THE LOVER OF THE HILLS. By S. P. B. MAIS

MY observation post stands 1,044ft. above sea level on an ancient rock of gritstone known as the Wyre Stone.

From it I look out over heather and bilberry-covered moorland where at dawn to-day I heard the curlew calling above the white sea of cotton-grass as I listened and looked for the approach of Hitler's parachute troops.

I am extremely well armed. I have had ample opportunity to test all the different ranges, and my companions and I are at least as well equipped to repel the invader as our great-grandfathers were who stood on guard against the bogey of their time.

I am by instinct and birth a hillman, and it is significant how much more at home I feel guarding these silent, lonely vast hills than I did when I was earlier called upon to defend the smooth South Downs for which I have long had a deep affection.

The most curious thing to me, however, is the vagueness of my knowledge hitherto of these particular hills, for they stand not more than three miles from my childhood home, and form the undeservedly unknown southern edge of the Pennine range.

In boyhood I certainly ranged these hills, though they frightened me by their vastness.

On the only occasion that I ran away from home I first made a bee-line for these hills, presumably on the ground that they would be the last place where they would think of looking for me.

But it is only now when I have come home late in life to guard them that I am beginning for the first time to appreciate their true quality.

It is first and last their stability, their great age and their enduring power that impress one.

This is, of course, a stone-wall country, and the walls themselves typify the solid qualities of the farmers who live in homes built of so durable a fabric.

On my way up to reconnoitre my observation post before going on duty I crawled on my stomach through wet peat among the growing fronds of bracken, and lay for hours watching the light fade on the church spire of Ashover and the square country house of Overton Hall that lay immediately below me in the green valley below the dark crags that line the crest of these hills.

I was watching, too, the antics of a litter of light brown fox cubs that came out from their earth to play among the black rocks.

It was on my way down in the darkness from this expedition that I laid my hand on a still baby brown owl who was standing on a low wall. He made no demur for some miles, and then made a curious popping sound like that of a bursting pea-pod.

After a night in our loft, where he retired to a corner and huddled with averted gaze, I took him back to his wall on my way up to my post.

This post stands some twenty or thirty yards off the road on an exposed edge marked by an Ordnance Survey mark of concrete and a huge grit stone grooved by generations of climbers.



H. B. Burdekin.

ON THE DIVIDING LINE BETWEEN THE LAND WHERE FIELDS ARE FENCED BY WALLS AND WHERE THEY ARE FENCED BY HEDGES

A hut to hold our uniforms, rifles, ammunition and ourselves in storms has lately been added.

Guard is kept for every hour of the twenty-four, and I could soon see that the two khaki-clad figures on the skyline were glad to see their relief at hand after an all-night watch.

Inside the hut I found our two rifles, with a chalk mark above one labelled "loaded," and a chalk mark above the other labelled "empty." It is as well to be careful about all rifles. I found the "empty" rifle fully charged.

It seemed good first to discharge our military duties by loading and re-loading to see that the magazine loaded without friction.

It didn't. I have never known cartridges so loth to enter the barrel of a rifle.

We then began sighting tests, and assured each other after the manner of marksmen that the sights were all at fault.

Range-finding came next, and as usual that almost led to a fracas, for no man will yield to another his certainty of what is two and what is three hundred yards away.

My colleague ought to be more *au fait* with distance than I am, for he came fully armed with his own 12-bore shotgun and an air-gun to destroy rabbits, foxes, or any other presentable quarry. He had to content himself with tickling up a distant hen that had strayed into a field of growing corn some three hundred yards away. As I saw the dust rise all round the trespassing and surprised hen I had to allow that my distance-judging was inferior to his.

I was consoled a minute later, however, when he spotted, at six hundred yards, what he called a sitting curlew.

At that moment I had the field glasses and I was able to correct his impression. It was a quite large branch of a tree, certainly

shaped like a grey bird with a very upright neck, but much larger than any curlew.

But there were plenty of curlew about. Their lovely liquid notes came ringing up the valley, and I could see them flying overhead and walking as they cried along the uneven top of the road wall.

It was then that I first realised that the white sea that covered the moor was the white of cotton grass.

With a great shock I realised the truth of a proverb at which I have usually scoffed.

I have always regarded the curlew as the scarcest of all the birds that I really pine to see and listen to.

I have walked miles over Dartmoor in search of him and felt extraordinarily elated on finding him. Whenever I have seen cotton grass I have always felt that I had reached a really far-off land, and yet the most prolific growth of cotton grass that I have ever seen and the most continuous music of curlew that I have ever listened to came almost from my back door.

The Derbyshire moors are not all grouse and bilberries. There are also curlew and cotton grass, and, according to my colleague-in-arms, the hen-harrier.

Now I have always regarded the hen-harrier as rare, except in Norfolk, as the Montagu's harrier and the osprey; but I am learning so much that I didn't know before about my own homeland that I am willing to accept even the hen-harrier story. But even if I saw one I should not recognise it.

The post where I stand guard is the dividing ground between the land where all the fields are fenced by walls, and the land where all the fields are fenced by hedges.

Eastwards I looked down on a green combe, the valley of the gentle Amber, with the little



"A STONE WALL COUNTRY . . . THE WALLS THEMSELVES TYPIFY THE SOLID QUALITIES OF THE FARMERS WHO LIVE IN HOMES BUILT OF SO DURABLE A FABRIC"

grey hamlets of Robriding, Buntingfield, Upper Town and Eddlestow hidden in the trees.

Had the houses not been grey I might easily have mistaken this valley for a bit of Devon.

Northward there was a vista of open moorland forming a wide plateau of over a thousand feet, with little stony gullies—or "sicks," as they are called here—hidden by plantations of pine and deserted nursery gardens.

Westward lay the green valley of the Derwent, with the thin line of trees surmounting Masson, the noble dark towers of Ribber Castle crowning Ribber Hill, and the Black Rocks of Cromford rising high in the distance pointing the way to Dovedale.

Southwards the moors and hills undulated to Crich Stand, the southernmost escarpment of the Pennine ridge.

It was a grand survey, and I watched with growing interest the world of men about

me breaking into life, the old woman in the field below taking in her own cow to milk, the farmer in another field coming to take home his horse, two men hoeing and singling, an unexpected sight of a girl in green with high-heeled shoes singing as she swung across a distant green meadow to the steep lane that led from Eddlestow to Robriding.

Tree fellers passed along the top on bicycles and motor bicycles, waving as they went. Then a lorry or two, and one aeroplane, which circled overhead, made off westward, returned for a second look, and went back once more.

Four homer pigeons came out of the east, and an hour later a score or so came back from the west.

The sun rose higher in the sky, and the mists of night lifted from the valleys, and a glitter of moisture above the cotton grass made objects difficult to see through the field glasses.

The land became no busier. The rush hour had been just before and after seven

o'clock when the cycling labourers rode past and waved to their defenders.

A man and a girl hiker, brown-limbed and radiantly happy in each other's company, climbed up the rocky slopes within twenty yards, entirely oblivious of the presence of their conspicuous guardians.

My colleague became restive for blood, and blazed away with varying success with his shotgun at a field of crows among the growing corn of a neighbouring field.

It is most strange that it should have taken a war of this dimension to bring me home again after thirty-five years' absence. It is more strange, now that I have been out with my fellow hill guardian more than once, to realise the variety of birds that lurk within a few hundred yards of my boyhood home. In a single walk we have put up woodcock, snipe, partridges, pheasants, grouse, and even a corn-crake! And I had always regarded this as a county almost devoid of all bird-life.



J. Dixon Scott

"THESE SILENT, LONELY, VAST HILLS." THE PEAK AT CASTLETON, DERBYSHIRE

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A DISQUISITION ON PERAMBULATORS

By PROFESSOR A. E. RICHARDSON, A.R.A., F.S.A.

THIS is not an account of those industrious mortals whose aim it has been to survey cities and localities, in the sense that Dr. Johnson used the word when he said that "a great deal of Spain has not been perambulated." We can, therefore, dismiss from our minds the manipulators of seventeenth-century "way wisers" and Georgian hodometers.

Inspired by the sight of two elderly tramps propelling a dilapidated baby carriage which held their endowment of worldly goods, a train of ideas sprang into sequence which demanded pen and ink. I remembered that in one of those forgotten little books for children which contain items of interest for grave antiquaries, there are certain woodcuts of hand carriages for youthful non-ambulants. A family of four were depicted taking their ease under a gracious tree, conveniently arranged by the artist. It was a typical country excursion of the late eighteenth century. While Papa expatiated on the beauty of the scene, Mama was preparing the lunch, while the two children rested symmetrically in a chaise cart with a goodly lurcher harnessed to the shafts. There was, too, a description of contemporary low life:

"Some years since a poor man who was

lame in his legs made harness for four large dogs, and placed them in a light chaise, capable of holding four or six little children, and with these he travelled from town to town, each child paying a halfpenny for a ride; he obtained a decent living for himself and his dogs." We are not told how the man travelled when the chaise was full of children, being lame in his legs, neither is an explanation given as to his proprietary right over the children. Darton and Harvey were not too precise in thus describing "Youthful Sports."

Just as people may walk through a crowded city and see nothing but a general blur of impressions, so many travel through life and see little but the mass. One needs the spectacles of age and approaching infirmity to be attentive of small things. And perhaps it is the youth of old age that causes us to turn with such avidity to memories of ease in a perambulator when the whole globe was younger.

The origin of the baby carriage is lost in antiquity. There are vague hints of its use in pre-classical times. It is not unlikely that the peoples of Mesopotamia and Egypt made floats on wheels for infant comfort. The Scythians in their nomadic quest for *Lebensraum* without doubt amused their children by evolving model wagons. And as for the Greeks, we know what their toy carts were like from pictures on the clay vases. According to Aristophanes, these tiny wooden wagons cost an obolus in the Athenian Agora. They were diminutive two-wheeled carts, with a seat for one child, drawn by a handle and cross-bar. With such records it is conceivable that the children of Roman patricians were not denied similar playthings; it is therefore surprising that Juvenal and Pliny are silent on this subject. A little more is known of the toy carts of the Middle Ages. There are illustrations in illuminated manuscripts of small carts drawn by one or more dogs. These were common in old London and Paris, and were familiar to Chaucer.

With the development of the road and improvements in wheeled vehicles towards the end of the seventeenth century,

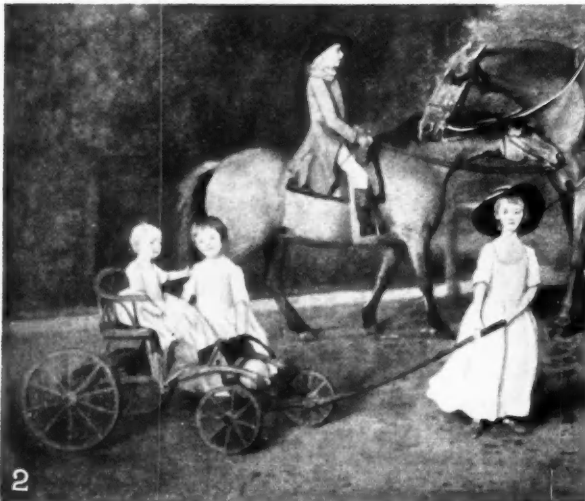
Here is a charming picture! Sophia and Caroline drawing their little sisters, Lucy and Charlotte, in a chaise.



(From "Little Prattle over a Book of Prints," Darton and Harvey, 1804)

the theory of the baby-carriage came into being. The idea was advanced in Holland, Sweden and Russia, where miniature push-sleighs came into use for children of the well-to-do. We know that a grandiose push-cart was devised for the Dauphin at Versailles at the time of Louis XIV. But in no shape or form is the developed wheel chaise for infants more conspicuous than in eighteenth-century England. Hogarth must have seen many such in London and during his peregrinations in the country. After the first half of the eighteenth century the great mansions of England could show examples of the coachmaker's craft in miniature. Then were made replicas of the family barouche, four-wheeled and crane-necked, gaily painted or bedizened with the family crest. The heir of Sir Gregory Gigg was now given a miniature carriage of his own in which to disport himself. The farmer ordered a miniature farm wagon for the two youngest of his healthy progeny; the London tradesman saved for the time when a model chaise would ease the strain of the walk on Sunday afternoon to Primrose Hill or the heights of Hampstead.

In France, too, it is interesting to note the common parallel in which the craft achievement of the two countries met, the one influencing and augmenting the other. Prior to the



FROM "THE WEDGEWOOD FAMILY," BY STUBBS



DETAIL OF BENJAMIN WEST'S GROUP OF THE CHILDREN OF GEORGE III At Buckingham Palace



"CADOGAN PIER, CHELSEA," BY G. W. BROWNLOW

The delightful goat carriage of Chelsea



5.—AN ENGLISH CART FOR TWO CHILDREN. *Circa 1794.* Following the Suffolk type of farm wagon.

6.—DETAIL OF THE SPRINGING OF A FRENCH MODEL. *Circa 1809.* See Fig 8.

7.—A NORFOLK CHILDREN'S CART. *Circa 1800*

8.—A FRENCH CHILDREN'S CHAISE. *Circa 1809*

9.—LANDAU TYPE, ENGLISH REGENCY. *Circa 1814*

10.—CHAISE FOR TWO CHILDREN: BAROUCHE TYPE. *Circa 1830*

11.—ENGLISH MINIATURE CURRICLE. A fine example of coachwork. 1799

12.—FRENCH. PERIOD OF THE DIRECTORY (1793)

13.—ENGLISH REGENCY CART FOR TWO CHILDREN

14.—THE "PERAMBULATOR" BEGINS TO TAKE SHAPE. *Circa 1817*

15.—ENGLISH PERAMBULATOR. *Circa 1870*

16.—CHILDREN'S MODEL HANSOM CAB. *Circa 1880*

Figs. 5, 10, 11, 14, 15, 16, from the collection of Mr. Charles Wade, Snowhill.

Remainder from the Author's collection, Ampthill.



French Revolution, when life in château and *manoir*, in princely *hôtel* and Parisian *bourgeois* apartment house was lived easily and luxuriously, French infants took the air in miniature wheeled chariots of truly beautiful design. The French infant-chaise differed from the English in being higher, and was made resplendent with a hooded canopy. The coachwork and the wheels recalled those of the *cabriolet*. We may ascertain the character of the Paris promenades from the delicious colour prints by Debucourt. And so the French tradition for children's carts was extended through the *Directoire* and the *régime* of the Empire.

We have no reason to believe that the English coach-makers of Long Acre, including the famous Felton, were less efficient than their French contemporaries in meeting the demand of the genteel world for baby-carriages. From 1790 to 1830 tiny curricles were made in accordance with predetermined drafts to exact specifications. The old traditions of curvilinear forms, C-springs and leather-strap suspension, preceded the invention of soft tyres. The pampered children of the late Augustan age rode in their chariots and contemplated a world which seemed made exclusively for their future rule. And so miniature chariots were magnified both in number and soundness of construction, declining from four wheels to three, and widening to carry twins if Nature

decreed. The year of the Great Exhibition of 1851 encouraged many novel designs for perambulators. Hyde Park, Kensington Gardens, and the roads of the older suburbs, took on the character of "carriage centres" for the youthful population. Designs became more numerous, and the makes varied in accordance with the social status of parents. But standard coachwork deteriorated, curves were less elegant, wheels and hubs lacked finesse. Hoods and parasols, as well as leather aprons, were now decreed essential, with oilcloth finishings for the footboards. It is not the intention in this short account to give anything more than a *précis* of the rise and descent of the "pram," for so it was named universally in the 'sixties when it was still possible to distinguish the Parisian vehicle from that made in London or New York.

We shall take the briefest survey of the delightful goat carriages of Broadstairs, Brighton, Scarborough—even Chelsea; some still survive to this day and are among the popular diversions of the seaside. You will find them in Caldecot's drawings and they will recall your early memories and thrills. As children, how we later Victorians envied the scale-model stage coach made especially for General Tom Thumb, and accepted with a tinge of intellectual superiority the miniature vehicles and teams of Shetland ponies which formed novel advertising features in the 'eighties! Those enterprising

Victorians, who managed things so thoroughly then, had a genius for realism.

There is one perfect specimen in the gallery at Snowhill, a miniature hansom cab complete to the smallest detail, folding apron doors, trap in roof, lamps and sliding shutters. Verily, the vanity of the 'eighties and the early 'nineties indicates the advancement in the design of perambulators for those who could pay. Among the poor, only the discarded models, those things that never decay, were in demand. Such as could be purchased in the Caledonian Market for a few shillings, these formed the conveyances for the newer growth of humble infants. But in the larger world the spirit of progress demanded greater novelty. Firms who specialised in such things evolved baby carriages with piebald horses that moved up and down in sympathy with cranks on the front wheel. The "Go Cart" was introduced from America, supposed to be a model of a mail gig. It may be observed that the greatest change came with the invention of the safety bicycle and the rubber tyre; for beyond doubt it was the adoption of pneumatic tyres, hubs with ball bearings, and perfect springs, which relate the perambulator to the motor car.

No wonder children of tender years carry themselves so loftily when riding in state, receiving compliments with disdain and resenting the advances of strangers.

BIRDS OF THE GUANO ISLANDS

A VISIT TO A CAPE GANNET COLONY

SHORTLY before this war started, fortune, in the shape of an "exercise week" for my ship at Saldanha Bay, found me close to Malagas Island. There are three islands at the entrance to the bay, Malagas, Marens and Jutten, but the former is the largest and also most worth visiting.

It was in July and an opportunity not to be missed of seeing the Cape gannets, which were just pairing. "Malagash" by the bye, is a South African name for the Cape gannet. In habits and appearance they seem practically identical with our northern gannets, but they have a little more black on the wings and a black tail. They also have a most distinctive black streak on the throat, which I have never

noticed in northern gannets, but then I have never seen the latter close up in the breeding season.

They are probably more plentiful, as the name implies, at Malagas than elsewhere on the coast, and they are also entirely undisturbed. This is due to the fact that practically all the islands off the coast are controlled by the Guano Islands Administration of the South African Government, and access to all of them is rigidly restricted. This is entirely understandable, as the principal guano bird of the islands, the Cape cormorant, is liable to desert *en masse* if disturbed and ruin the guano production for the season. Luckily, I had previously called on the Superintendent of the Administration in Cape Town, when I had

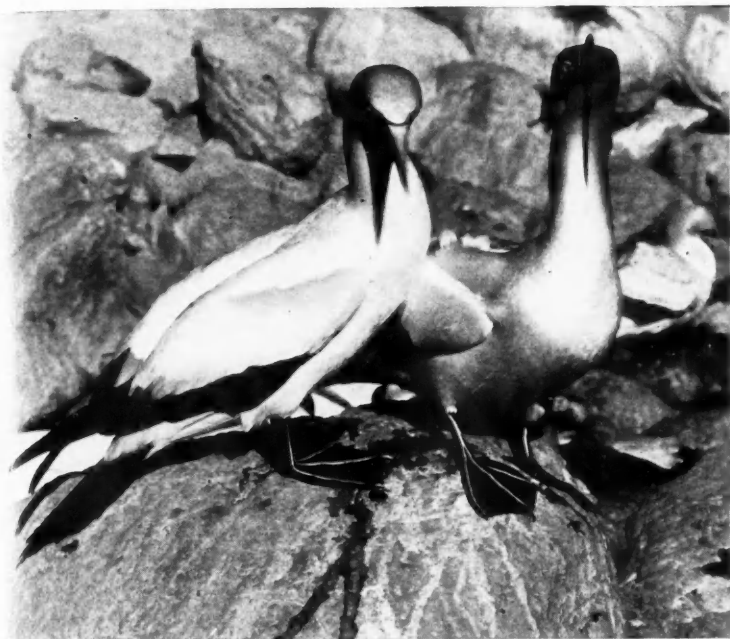
wanted to visit Dassen Island, and he was kind enough to issue me a permit. The landing itself is one that might be described as tricky in some weathers, but the island staff handle their boats admirably in the heavy swell.

When I was there in July the birds were just pairing; one of the interesting points I should like to have cleared up about these birds is whether they pair for life. I saw no eggs, but there was one large chick, a season freak, which the watchman pulled out from the nest for me to photograph. It was still almost entirely helpless in spite of its size.

The so-called nest consists merely of a small cavity at the top of a pile of mud and guano. Occasionally there may be some bits of seaweed or a few dirty feathers, but these



A SECTION OF THE NESTING GROUND: THE WATCHERS' HOUSE ON THE RIGHT



GANNETS: A MOST DISTINCTIVE BLACK STREAK ON THE THROAT

are probably accidental. Each pair of birds seemed to have staked out their claim to a nesting site and were jealously guarding it, one always remaining "on watch." As each home-coming mate passed over the nests there was a general craning-up of necks by the lonely ones, and also a general uproar—a quite indescribable mixture of roars, grunts and screams—until the bird had settled. The two mates would then make no end of a fuss of one another, stretching up and half intertwining their necks. Later, with great solemnity, one would offer another a piece of stick or seaweed, probably just pinched from a neighbouring nest and, of course, soaked in excrement. The theft caused more uproar and pecking. The gift was accepted and sometimes placed on the nest pile, but more often just vacantly dropped. Within ten minutes after return the excitement between them seemed to die down, and they settled side by side until one decided to depart once more in search of food.

It was a lovely sight to see these handsome black and white birds on return from their fishing expeditions wheeling round the nests, but not such a pleasure to walk among them. For one thing, the stink is rather overpowering, particularly after rain, and in places they are so thick on the ground that one must jostle them aside with one's feet in order to get along. Not unnaturally they show their resentment by using their powerful beaks, but without sufficient force to draw blood, provided you wear trousers.

The other inhabitants of the island were a few Jackass penguins, four species of cormorant, common, Cape, Bank and Reed, southern black-backed gulls and silver gulls. If you want to see the Jackass penguins you should go to Dassen Island. They make their nests in burrows as if they were rabbits, and as the ground is covered in low scrub it is very easy to put your foot in one. They are liable to bark at you when you cannot see them, too. The eggs are good, and the sale of them carefully controlled as a Government monopoly.

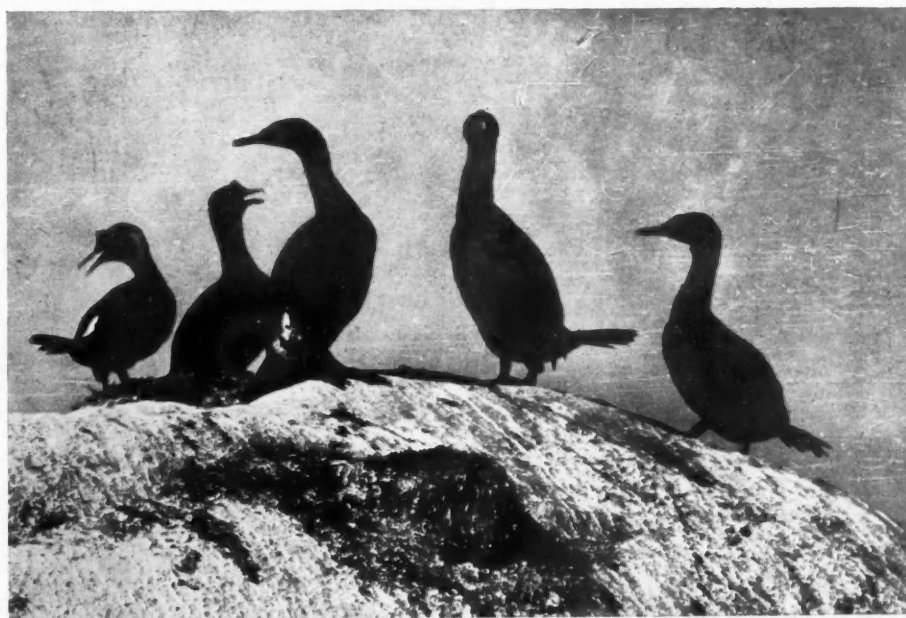
The common cormorants were rearing their young in July, and, although protesting considerably at the nearness of the camera, continued with their regurgitating act. Some Reed cormorants had young on a rock in the middle of the island and were very much shyer, but the Bank cormorant did not appear to be breeding on the island at the time. He is very conspicuous, compared with the others, at the moment of taking flight, as the white patch on his rump shows up clearly. The Cape cormorants were not yet breeding. I was told that they come when the gannets have finished with the island and then practically monopolise it. They are the valuable guano producers, and when they are nesting even the watcher himself does not walk through the nests.



THE REGURGITATING ACT. The previous helping is still, apparently, unswallowed by the young cormorant



COMMON CORMORANTS OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN RACE
Showing how much more white they have on neck and chest than their northern relations



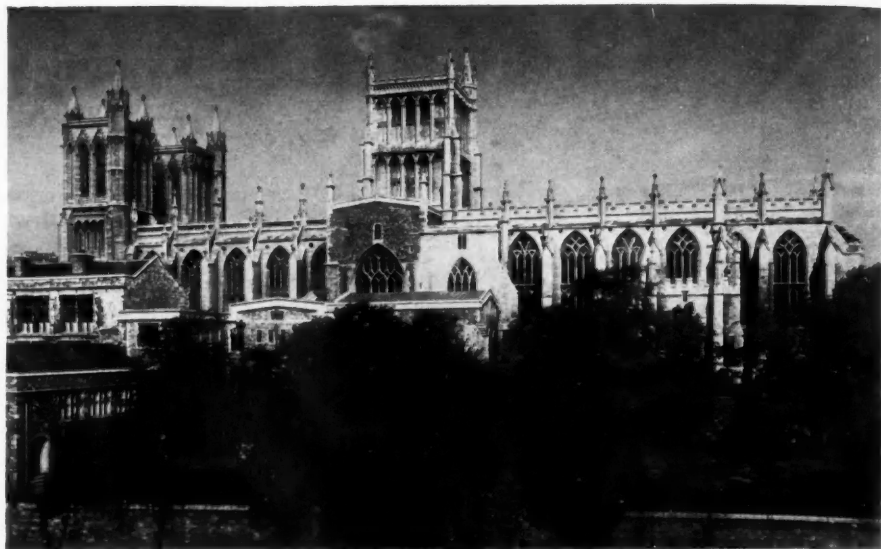
THE BANK CORMORANTS OF MALAGAS

BRISTOL— QUEEN OF THE WEST

*The Architecture of its Streets, Squares
and Houses*

I.—THE OLD TOWN

1.—THE CATHEDRAL FROM THE SOUTH.
BRISTOL WAS MADE THE SEE OF A
BISHOPRIC BY HENRY VIII

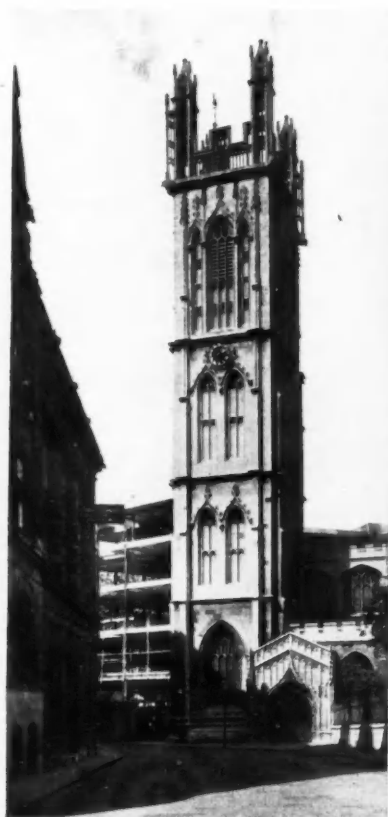


BRISTOL was not chosen as the name of one of the fifty United States destroyers transferred to the Royal Navy, perhaps because some larger vessel is destined to be christened after a city whose name in the last war one of our cruisers bore. Otherwise her claims to be included would surely have been irresistible, not merely because there are at least a dozen Bristols, U.S.A., and, incidentally, one in Canada too, but because the eyes of Bristol men have constantly been turned to the west. First Ireland, later Spain and Portugal, then the West Indies attracted the attention and enterprise of Bristol merchants, whose thoughts have always been directed to the Atlantic, just beyond their gaze. Nor when ships became so big that many could no longer sail up through the Avon gorge to the city's wharves did oversea commerce cease to exert its influence, since Avonmouth and its docks form an integral part of the modern port of Bristol. To-day, while she finds herself welcoming thousands of temporary residents from the eastern parts of this island, her eyes

must still often turn westward (if sometimes upward, too): for the events of the last year have brought still nearer to us that half of the New World which in the first instance was discovered by a navigator who sailed from Bristol in a ship manned by Bristol men.

With a population of over 400,000, the city long ago overspread its surrounding heights, so that now it is the towers of the University and the Cabot Memorial on Brandon Hill that dominate its skyline rather than the spires and steeples of the old town in the hollow. Yet, in spite of this vast expansion, and the disappearance of many of its old buildings, Bristol is still full of interesting architecture of all periods, while its north-west quarter on the slopes of Clifton is an outstanding example, almost comparable to Bath, by which it was influenced, of an eighteenth-century town-planning scheme. It is in the old town, however, where the masts of ships berthed at the quays seem almost to rise out of the streets themselves, that one is most conscious of Bristol as a great mercantile centre and of her ancient ties with

the west. Many English towns were built on a foundation of wool, and the cloth industry was once of great importance in Bristol; but it is to trade in other commodities that her later prosperity is principally due. Hides, wines, and in particular sherry from Spain—the famous "Bristol milk"—are imported to-day as they were five hundred years ago; tobacco, sugar, fruit, cocoa for chocolate, more recently, oil and petroleum, but above all, sugar, have made Bristol what she is. Sugar was the basis of the great traffic with the West Indies which enriched so many Bristol citizens and made possible the remarkable expansion of the city in Georgian times. It depended until the beginning of last century on a constant supply of slave labour for the plantations, and these human cargoes were carried in Bristol ships, which returned laden with the produce of the islands. Even the kidnapping of English children for the Indies was not infrequently practised. In this respect Bristol had a long and dark record, for when the town first emerges as a place of importance in early Norman times it was



2.—THE TOWER OF ST. STEPHEN'S
CHURCH



3.—ST. JOHN'S GATE. AT THE END OF
BROAD STREET



4.—THE LEANING TOWER OF THE
TEMPLE CHURCH



5.—RYSBRACK'S STATUE OF WILLIAM III IN QUEEN SQUARE (1736)

as the centre of a profitable slave traffic with Ireland, which the denunciations of Bishop Wolstan of Worcester succeeded in abolishing only for a time. But between these two periods there was a long era when cloth was the staple industry of the town. Introduced in Edward III's reign, the cloth manufacture rapidly developed so that in 1353 Bristol was made one of the towns of the Staple. Twenty years later the town boundaries were extended, and the charter permitting this enlargement also made Bristol a county of its own. This

was the beginning of Bristol's first great age of prosperity, the era of the Canynges, that wealthy family of merchants who re-built Redcliff Church, of the voyages of John and Sebastian Cabot, of the foundation of the Society of Merchant Venturers, which soon directed all the foreign trade of the city and which still survives to-day with a fine Georgian hall in Prince Street. Mediæval Bristol, the old town, with its many towers and steeples, its wharves, its narrow thoroughfares and hidden courts, is the creation of that age, the period of the cloth trade, though everywhere, dovetailed into it, are Georgian buildings of the city's second period of prosperity, the Age of Sugar. It is this mixture

6.—OLD HOUSES AT THE SOUTH-EAST CORNER OF QUEEN SQUARE, WITH A GLIMPSE OF ST. MARY REDCLIFF



7.—THE EXCHANGE IN CORN STREET, THE MASTERPIECE OF JOHN WOOD THE ELDER. BUILT 1741-43
The tall cupola-crowned campanile is that of All Saints' Church, circa 1715



8.—THE DUTCH HOUSE AT THE HIGH CROSS



9.—IN RED LODGE, A BRISTOL MERCHANT'S HOUSE ON THE NORTHERN HEIGHTS BUILT BY SIR JOHN YOUNG (1590)

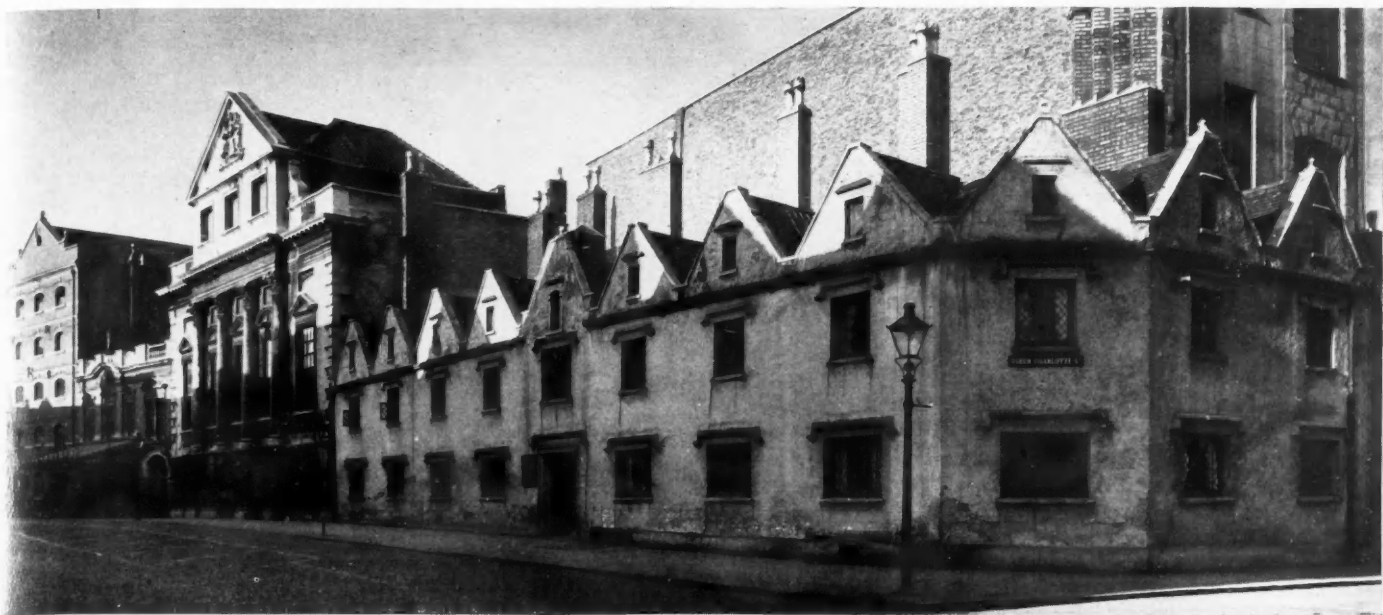
of styles in its tenuous streets and alleys that gives to the street architecture of old Bristol such remarkable variety and contrast, so that in searching for mediæval churches you are constantly being waylaid by a Georgian or Greek Revival façade, while many of the church interiors, when you at last penetrate into them, show rich carved altarpieces of Wren's age, wrought-iron-work such as Tijou designed, or even rococo plasterwork. While the streets and squares of the northern and western heights are predominantly Georgian, reminding you frequently of Bath, the heart of the city contains buildings of all centuries from the twelfth to the twentieth, jostling for place in the restricted area between the two rivers to which mediæval Bristol was confined.

Despite the fact that the old city is intersected by two principal streets on the plan of Roman towns, a Roman origin for Bristol cannot be claimed. It is first heard of in the eleventh century, when it already possessed a mint, and by the time of Domesday Book it was a borough paying the King a large rent. The Saxon settlement had been planted on what was very nearly an island set in the middle of a wide bowl formed by the surrounding hills of Gloucestershire and Somerset. Here, before entering its gorge, the Avon is joined on its right bank by a smaller stream, the Frome, now covered over for a part of its course between Castle Green and the Tramways Centre, where it emerges at Broad Quay. The Frome was the natural boundary of the mediæval town to the north and west, curving round in more than a semicircle to join the Avon and so forming a peninsula, the narrow neck of which was covered by the castle to the east. Broad Quay is an artificial cut, made between 1240 and 1247, when the first important harbour improvement took place, and brought within the area of the all-but-island the marshy ground to the south-west on which Queen Square was later laid out. The city was walled from an early date. Even at the time of Domesday there were probably earthen ramparts, and the walls underwent successive enlargements, the Redcliff area on the Somerset bank that lies within the loop of the Avon being included in the thirteenth century. This quarter was held partly by the Templars, whose name survives in Temple Church and Temple Meads Station, and partly by the Fitzhardings of Berkeley, who as lords of the manor of Bedminster exercised their own jurisdiction over Redcliff until its incorporation within the boundaries of the town was settled by the charter of 1373. Redcliff was (and is) connected with the city proper by the bridge at the end of High Street. Until it was re-built in 1760 it was lined with houses, like old London Bridge, and a bridge chapel stood on one of the piers.

Up to the middle of the seventeenth century the town was practically confined to these limits. On the Gloucestershire slopes, however, north of the Frome a series of religious houses had grown up—the three friaries, the hospitals, the priory of St. James, and the Augustinian monastery. The last Henry VIII made the cathedral church of the new see of Bristol. Although its nave and western towers are modern, designed by Street and completed by Pearson in the 'seventies and 'eighties, it is an interesting building, remarkable for its arrangement, unique among English cathedrals, of three aisles of equal height with tall side windows and no clerestory (Fig. 1). For most visitors, however, it is eclipsed by St. Mary Redcliff on the Somerset bank, "the fairest, the goodliest, the most famous parish church in England," as Queen Elizabeth is supposed to have said of it. And, indeed, its lofty vaulted interior is more cathedral-like in its proportions than the cathedral itself, with which it further contrasts in having a spire—one of the tallest in England—as against the cathedral's towers.

In a stroll through the old town one can still find many relics of mediæval Bristol. Since its destruction at Cromwell's order little is left of the castle and nothing of its great keep, but the vaulted Early English porch of the great hall still survives. Of the mediæval gates of the city one, fortunately, remains—St. John's at the end of Broad Street (Fig. 3). Its gate is also the base of a steeple, which was shared by the two churches of St. John the Baptist and St. Lawrence, both built on the wall on either side of it, though only the former still stands. It has a charming interior full of Jacobean woodwork. Among the other towers and steeples that are still high enough to outsoar modern commercial buildings are those of St. Stephen's and the Temple Church. St. Stephen's (Fig. 2), whose elaborate crown recalls that of St. Mary Magdalen, Taunton, was built by John Shipward, one of the wealthy fifteenth-century merchants. The tower of the Temple Church, on the Somerset bank, is the most remarkable "leaning tower" in the country (Fig. 4); as the photograph shows, the uppermost stage was built after the settlement had already occurred.

Besides its churches old Bristol still preserves a number of vaulted crypts beneath its buildings; these in mediæval times were the warehouses in which merchandise was stored. They often extended under the roadway, and for fear of shaking them heavy traffic was for long prohibited, and even in Pepys' time carts were drawn by dogs through the streets. Most of the mediæval houses have gone, but the library of the Law Society in Small Street is the hall of a Norman house, and until two years ago



10.—IN KING STREET. COOPERS' HALL (1744), DESIGNED BY WILLIAM HALFPENNY, AND ST. NICHOLAS' ALMSHOUSES

there still remained in Redcliff the hall of the Canynges' house, though it had been much damaged by a fire in 1881. There are several picturesque buildings of the age of Queen Elizabeth and King James—the Dutch House at the corner of High Street and Wine Street (Fig. 8), the Llandoger Tavern with its five gables beside the quay at the end of King Street, St. Peter's Hospital, and some charming tall overhanging houses in Mary-le-Port Street. All these are relics of the days when Bristol was a city of close-packed timber-framed houses, for it was not until the eighteenth century that brick began generally to be used. In Red Lodge, on the high ground above Colston Avenue, there survives an interesting Elizabethan house—one of those built on the northern slopes of the city, where before the Dissolution the monasteries and friaries had their gardens and orchards. It was erected in 1590 by Sir John Young, a wealthy citizen, and its interior is notable for its richly carved chimneypieces and woodwork, one room having an elaborate internal porch (Fig. 9).

The extension of the city outside its old boundaries, and on the broad, generous lines

that became general in eighteenth-century development, may be said to have begun in 1700, when the flat, marshy ground between the confluence of the two rivers was laid out as Queen Square. It received its name two years later in commemoration of a visit of Queen Anne, but took some years to complete. Although it has lost its uniformity since the re-building of the northern and western sides after they were burnt in the riots of 1831, and although the new arterial road, driven diagonally across it, has deprived it of its quiet seclusion, it still impresses by its great size and fine trees, while in the centre between the traffic King William still rides proudly on his charger (Fig. 5). This baroque masterpiece of Rysbrack's was erected in 1736. Of the original brick houses of the Square Fig. 6 shows a typical group at the south-east corner, where a glimpse of St. Mary Redcliffe has been opened up by the gap made for the new road.

Behind Queen Square and between it and the line of the mediæval wall is the delightful King Street, in which are concentrated many of the city's most interesting buildings, ranging from the gabled picturesqueness of

the Llandoger Tavern and the little row of almshouses opposite to the Palladian dignity of the old City Library and the imposing Coopers' Hall. The Library building (Fig. 11) is set back behind railings, the wrought-iron overthrow belonging to which has been removed since the photograph was taken; Coopers' Hall, by the architect William Halfpenny, is more massively conceived, with a great top hamper rising above its Corinthian order, and dwarfing the little almshouses and the low front of the theatre between which it stands (Fig. 10). Though its front has been re-built, the interior of the theatre remains untouched as a charming example of a Georgian playhouse (Fig. 12). It was designed by James Paty, one of a family of Bristol architects, and was opened in 1766. Garrick, who declared the theatre to be the most complete of its dimensions in Europe, Mrs. Siddons, the Kembles, Macready, all played on its boards, and although it has come down in the world, it has remained continuously in use till to-day. At the west end of the street are the Merchant Adventurers' Hall and their almshouses, and from here at right angles, running behind the west side of Queen Square,



11.—A DIGNIFIED GEORGIAN FRONT. THE OLD CITY LIBRARY IN KING STREET (1740)



12.—IN THE THEATRE ROYAL (1766). PROBABLY THE OLDEST ENGLISH PLAYHOUSE STILL IN USE

is Prince Street, where the Assembly Rooms stood. This quarter, the fashionable part of the town in the eighteenth century, has suffered from its position between the two arms of the Floating Harbour. Before the war, however, a movement had been started to preserve all the interesting and diverse buildings of King Street in their entirety. It is to be hoped that this plan will be fulfilled eventually.

Among the narrow streets of the old town, Corn Street, the commercial and financial centre, contains many excellent Georgian and early nineteenth century buildings, the most famous of which is the Exchange (Fig. 7). Built between 1741 and 1743, at a cost of £50,000, it is the masterpiece of the elder Wood of Bath, to whom the Corporation gave the commission in preference to the Bristol architect, Strachan. Its front is one of the finest pieces of street architecture in the country, although, like so many of the façades of Palladio in Vicenza which are its prototypes, it can only be seen in perspective.

On the pavement in front of it stand the four brass "tables" originally provided for the convenience of merchants transacting their business and brought to their present position from the old Tolzey. Besides the Exchange, Wood also designed the Markets behind and the two flanking buildings. All Saints' Church, seen just beyond in the photograph, is one of those possessing a Georgian steeple; the design of a tall, cupola-crowned tower contrasts effectively with that of the tapering spire (also Georgian) of Christ Church, a little farther on, where Corn Street meets Broad Street and High Street at the Cross. At the corner opposite All Saints' is the Council House, a Greek Revival building designed by Sir Robert Smirke. With the erection of the new municipal buildings on College Green its future use is uncertain, but both for its historical and architectural interest it well deserves preservation. Two other notable products of the Greek Revival are C. R. Cockerell's Bank of England branch bank round the corner in Broad Street, and

the Commercial Rooms, lower down Corn Street, built in 1810 from designs by C. A. Busby with bas-reliefs by J. G. Bubb. Though there are tall modern offices in the lower part of Corn Street, they have not seriously impaired its architectural distinction or its character: in the main, it is still the kind of street that Cornhill or Lombard Street was fifty years ago. Off one of its turnings—Small Street—you are back in the older Bristol of gabled houses running down to the Frome (or what was the Frome before Colston Avenue covered it in), and on the far side above its roofs you catch a glimpse of the houses on St. Michael's Hill climbing the steep slopes on the Gloucestershire side. It is up the heights on this side, westwards towards Clifton, that the great eighteenth-century development took place when Bristol became for a time a fashionable spa as well as a great commercial city. The creation of this "new town" with its squares, terraces and crescents, will be described in a second article.

ARTHUR OSWALD.

MYSTERIES OF BAKHTIARILAND

A REVIEW BY GERALD REITLINGER

OLD ROUTES OF WESTERN IRAN, Narrative of an Archaeological Journey carried out and recorded by Sir Aurel Stein, K.C.I.E. (Macmillan, £2 2s.)

NO one who has not camped among the forest oaks and myrtles of those high valleys can imagine the dream-like charm of the South-west Persian plateau. Yet the quiet and scholarly pace of our great veteran archaeologist in search of historic truth comes at times near to recreating it. Sir Aurel Stein spent the whole of the year 1936 in an antiquarian survey extending from Shiraz in the south of Persia to Lake Urumizeh in the north. The resultant volume has been born into a world made almost imbecile by preoccupation with high explosives, to remind it that the feeble rushlight of true learning can still splutter in the gloom.

In the course of a journey of eighteen hundred miles Sir Aurel Stein excavated a number of small mounds for vestiges of painted prehistoric pottery. This delicate and sophisticated art was practised in the fourth millennium B.C. from the Indus, through Baluchistan, Persia and Iraq, to the mountains of Anatolia, at a time when Europe was still in the barbarism of the later Stone Age. The less specialised reader will be attracted by the rock carved sculptures and architectural remains, some photographed for the first time, dating from Sassanian and early Islamic times. Sassanian antiquities were once despised as the products of an age of decadence from the classical ideal, but now they are fashionable. Perhaps this generation is naturally attracted to other periods of transition and confusion. In the region of Ma'mir, near the Anglo-Persian oilfields, Sir Aurel Stein examined a newly unearthed life-size bronze statue of a Parthian or Sassanian king, which has since been taken to the museum in Tehran. It is the only work of the kind that has survived from those nebulous times. Sir Aurel Stein proceeded to excavate the shrine from whence it came, and found sculptural fragments which look decidedly Greek, but he regards the bronze figure, with its moustaches and flowing trousers and its suggestion of Indian art, as later than the Christian era. To the present writer, who recalls the great third-century statue lying upturned in the mountain cave above the Shapar gorge, its claim to be Parthian rather than Sassanian is

not very manifest. Sir Aurel Stein's journey partly overlaps that of the Baron de Bode in 1841, though de Bode's westward thrust into Bakhtiari-land at Luristan began farther south at Kazeran. Bakhtiari-land is only beginning to be accessible to the peaceful traveller, and Sir Aurel Stein could not always circulate as freely as he intended. Some of de Bode's crude lithographs are succeeded by photographs in this publication for the first time. Another of Sir Aurel Stein's predecessors is Professor Herzfeld. It is interesting to note that he does not follow him in his surprising conjecture that the primitive Ionic capitals on the rock-cut tomb of Deh-i-Nan are Persian prototypes of Greek art.

The fine bridges photographed in this volume bear out the descriptions of the trade

routes of the south-west by writers of the early Islamic period. Barbarism seems to have overtaken the country in the late Middle Ages, during the breakdown of the Mongol Empire. Possibly its former prosperity can be explained by the rule of the Dehkans, the Persian landlords who survived the Arab Conquest, since it was a feudal one and therefore the most suited to a population that must have always been half-nomad. The region abounds with fortified mansions, castles in the European sense, and Sir Aurel Stein offers the suggestion that their form may be derived from the "Casteela" on the Roman-Persian border.

TWO AUTOBIOGRAPHIES

Roughly speaking, the forty years of the present century are the subject both of Mr. Basil Woon in *EYES WEST* (Peter Davies, 10s. 6d.) and of Mr. C. E. Vulliamy in *CALICO PIE* (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.). Both books are autobiographies; both men can write: there the resemblance ends. For Mr. Woon was thrown upon his own resources in a strange land when he was a mere boy, and has had to fight his own way ever since; Mr. Vulliamy belongs to an ancient, aristocratic Welsh family, and has never known the meaning of want or of anything approaching it. The result is that Mr. Woon's book has a directness and a vitality born of his having been at close grips with life; Mr. Vulliamy's has an air of dilettantism, an atmosphere of waywardness or petulance, for he has always been free to squander his talents, and has done so to a considerable extent, as he tells us in great detail and with a mistaken estimate of the subject's interest. He tells us, perhaps, more than he suspects; for the course of his narrative makes two things plain: that he lacks the concentration to stick at a job after the first novelty and interest are gone, and that he would have been happier if circumstances had ever forced upon him any sort of mental discipline. Even in the last war, the experiences of the two men were curiously different. Mr. Woon was spared nothing; Mr. Vulliamy, without his own volition, was constantly being extricated by Providence from situations that might have proved unpleasant. Mr. Woon has crammed into his life such a wealth of hard, hazardous and distinguished adventure that it is surprising to find that he has done it all in forty-six years—and is now in another war. His book would break the heart of any Nazi still wondering why the *Blitzkrieg* is failing to go according to plan; for in it are revealed all the qualities that have made England's tough as well as rough island story what it is.



BRONZE STATUE FROM SHAMI SITE, SEEN AT MALAMIR
6ft. 4ins. high
(From "Old Routes of Western Iran")

MR. BATEMAN ON HIS TRAVELS

Mr. H. M. Bateman is on the side of the pundits. When he pokes fun at a great British institution, it is the private with a fly on his nose at the Trooping of the Colour or the worm revoking at the Portland Club who suffers rather than the magnificent tradition which he has let down. The victim has none of our sympathy; it lies with the pop-eyed mustachioed colonels. The text of this new book, *ON THE MOVE IN ENGLAND* (Hutchinson, 5s.), reflects that world, and rarely does it achieve wit; the author has jotted down some idiosyncrasy of the neighbourhood through which he has been travelling, often something quite trivial, and expanded it, as one does over port, till it acquires balloon-like proportions. And on through Britain, although he is exceedingly careful to hurt nobody's feelings by larking too much about Barchester Cathedral and treading on the corns of Canterbury, or upsetting Puddlecombe at the expense of Blackpool. He lacks the courage of his convictions, and except for the balloons, which make up the bulk of the book, it is a watery mixture.

The cartoons of H. M. Bateman can be said to lose their effectiveness by repetition, but here the case is the other way round. The exaggerated, funny, balloons explode only too soon, while the sketches are pungent, and some of them as good as anything he has done: two surprised people in hands and knees peering from opposite sides of a Yorkshire stile which is only a hole in the stone wall; the good people of Bristol toiling uphill, and tourists photographing the wrong birthplace. All that is meat, and were the book composed of sketches such as these it would make Mr. Bateman a new reputation, which this can do only if the text is left unread.

SUFFOLK BACKGROUND

To see Miss Doreen Wallace's name on a new novel is to experience a sense of contented anticipation. We always know, broadly speaking, what we shall get; yet each time it is both fresh and interesting. In *THE SPRING RETURNS* (Collins, 6s. 6d.) the main characters are a gentleman farmer in Suffolk and his artist wife. But, because the author really knows about Suffolk and farming, as well as about women artists who are also wives, there is a satisfying reality about every page. Ministries of Agriculture could do worse than learn from this book something of what is wrong with farming in peace and in war, while, for novel readers, the interest of the tale itself never flags. An early marriage for love; a dozen years in which the gilt fades from the gingerbread; a glimpse of

new romance with, for the woman, its agonising uncertainties, fears, hopes, delays; then no more gilt or gold, but the gingerbread quite eatable, after all: of how many lives is not this the pattern? Miss Wallace is an adept at the husband-and-wife scene; whether the pair belong to the gentry, farm bailiff or farm labourer class, the dialogue is life-like. What a boon is a novelist like this at a time like the present, when we need, so acutely, to remember that, whatever else happens, seed-time and harvest shall not fail.

PLEASANT ENCOUNTERS

Few writers to-day have a pleasanter touch on the light side of life or a better gift for creating recognisable and interesting people of the educated classes than has Miss Thirkell. She shows it at its best in the first pages of *CHEERFULNESS BREAKS IN* (Hamish Hamilton, 7s. 6d.), where the Birketts' tiresomely lovely daughter Rose is safely married at last to the kindly, strong-minded Lieutenant, R.N., who loves her none the less because he has to control her as though she was a fractious child of ten. The book is full of people whom we have met in earlier books of Miss Thirkell's and are glad to meet again, and of new additions to her gallery of whom the mannish novelist and the little Admiral and his wife and Madame Brownescu the Refugee and the ineffable Warburys are outstanding. The story of how the Warburys defeated their servants' clamour for butter by buying margarine and wrapping it in the paper from the butter which they ate themselves is literally priceless. But the war brings changes. Southbridge, of which Mr. Birkett is headmaster, takes in the boys of the Hoziers Foundation School, and Miss Thirkell's low estimate of the standard, social and educational, which the masters of good secondary schools and their wives achieve is only to be matched by the loathsome self-consciousness of the characters who are not "a little mere" in saving the feelings of those who are. For the rest, the book is often very funny and very good comment, and the tragedy implied in the last page stabs the reader awake from a pleasant dream.

WHITE MAN, BROWN MAN

Any recommendation by Miss Marjorie Kinan Rawlings, who wrote that enchanting, unforgettable book, "The Yearling," is to be treated with respect; and Miss Rawlings recommends *THE LOON FEATHER* (Harrap, 9s. 6d.), by Miss Iola Fuller. If the book does not quite bear comparison with her own, it is nevertheless a good book. The story is told, with restraint and beauty, by an Indian girl, Oneta. After a childhood in

which Oneta absorbs the customs and spirit of her own people, she spends twelve years in a Canadian convent school. Grown up, she feels herself at first homeless between two worlds. But she has kept the patience, dignity, reserve and strength of her early upbringing, and she finds a way to link the worlds. Many a white mother might take a lesson from Oneta's brown one. "The only way of teaching she knew was to make herself what she wanted me to be."

SECRET SERVICE

As a crime and detection writer Michael Innes has a style all his own, in which light erudition and humour combine with a queer vagueness and sense of fantasy in a most effective manner, specially in his latest book, *SECRET VANGUARD* (Gollancz, 7s. 6d.). A harmless minor poet was murdered in his home in the Chilterns, and a girl was kidnapped at a wayside station in Scotland, all because, as we discover later, each spotted a misquotation, or rather an interpolation, of Swinburne. And these two apparently unrelated incidents led Appleby of Scotland Yard and Mackintosh of M.I.5 on to the trail of German agents in this country—peace still reigned at this time, by the way—who were seeking to get hold of an important scientist called Orchard, and his still more important and mysterious formula. A young American painter, Dick Evans, and an archaeologist, Hetherington, really far more concerned about the interruption of excavations in Syria owing to rain, become drawn into these eddies of underground history, which rapidly develop into a maelstrom, and contribute severally and materially to the downfall of the enemy. Defying precedent, the story does not plunge instantaneously into action, but gathers force and builds character with deceptively effective leisureliness, achieving thereby surprise, tension, and realism. This is a thriller with a difference.

BOOKS EXPECTED

General Sir Charles Harington—Tim Harington to his friends—had fortunately passed the proofs of his reminiscences before his death; Mr. John Murray is to publish them soon under the title *TIM HARINGTON LOOKS BACK*. From Messrs. Faber and Faber, either as these notes appear or almost immediately afterwards, are to come some interesting volumes: *OF SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE*, by Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell, with eight colotype illustrations; *WINSTON CHURCHILL*, by Robert Sencourt; *ANNALS OF INNOCENCE AND EXPERIENCE*, with which Mr. Herbert Read reprints "The Innocent Eye" and carries the history of his spiritual and intellectual life on to the present time; and *THE LONG WEEK END*, by Robert Graves and Alan Hodge, "a social history of Great Britain 1918-1939."

GOLF BY BERNARD DARWIN

ST. LUKE'S SUMMER

IN point of weather St. Luke is not, I take it, so important as St. Swithin. Such tremendous results do not hang on the question whether his day is fine or wet. Nevertheless, he has a little late summer called after him, and as I have been enjoying it I cannot for the life of me refrain from expressing my gratitude to him. He can produce the best golfing weather in the world—hot, but not too hot, a little wet on the turf at the beginning of the round soon to be dried by lovely autumn sunshine, a breeze refreshing but with no real nip in it. In all those things I have lately been revelling during a holiday of ten days at my own Aberdovey, and, since there is nobody else's golf to write about nowadays, it must be forgivable to write about one's own. It would be a little indecent, perhaps, and at any rate unfair, as partaking of the nature of rubbing it in, to dwell on the complete absence of sirens and all their concomitant unpleasantnesses, but no doubt that added to the attraction. I had but a single wet day, and that was, as it should be, on a Sunday, when the links and all good men ought to take a rest. My only lament about the weather is that the wind did not blow gently behind me both going out and coming home. Bicycling is a poor game unless the wind is behind, and as one grows older and shorter and creakier in the joints something of the same kind applies to golf.

It is not, I hasten to add, that I do not enjoy hitting the ball against the wind, for a ball hit really clean and true straight into the wind's eye, low to begin with and soaring perhaps just a little at the end of its flight, gives one of the purest ecstasies that the game has to offer. It is not that, but I have an ineradicable weakness for reaching the green in a reasonable number of strokes, if possible in the right number of strokes, and if the holes are rather long and the wind blows rather

strongly in my face that is the vainest of all wishes. Those who know Aberdovey know that the outgoing nine are rather short and the home-coming nine decidedly long, so that the ideal wind is against one out and with one home. Only on one day did I have that perfect wind; on all the others I was helped, almost unnecessarily, outward, and then had to flog, and flog, and flog again when I was already feeling rather lame and tired with my nose for home. There was, indeed, one heaven-sent day when the wind changed. It did not change till I had taken three wooden club shots "and then some" to reach that rather prostrating thirteenth, but after that it did take a beneficent turn, so that I could, so to speak, get my own second wind when in the straight run for home.

Of course, I played too much at first, twisted my arthritic back into knots, and had to pay the penalty; but after all, I did not know that St. Luke was going to be so consistently kind, and it seemed well to make hay while the sun shone. I carried my own clubs (I wish I had had a tripod on which to rest them), and, since more and more people are probably doing that nowadays, I may perhaps enumerate what clubs I did carry, for purposes of comparison. These were six in all—a brassey for tee shots, a spoon, a putter and three irons, Nos. 3, 4 and 6. "What outrageous arrogance," some reader may exclaim, "not to take a niblick!"—but on the whole I got on pretty well without, for No. 6 is a stout fellow, reasonably lofted, and ought to be able to deal with anything but the severest footmark, in which even a dynamiter may fail. If I had been playing for my life I would have taken a niblick, but as I was not even playing for half a crown I deemed the weight of it well lost. The club that seems to me intensely valuable in a reduced armament is No. 4. It is capable of so many things. It can hit the ball tolerably far when

it has a mind to it, especially with a following wind; it is capable of both wrist shots and full shots; it can, or at any rate ought with a little manoeuvring to perform most of the functions of a mashie in the way of lofting, and for any form of running up or scuffling it is admirable. What it was called before these days of mournful numbers I am not now quite sure. I suppose one would have called it a light iron or perhaps a mid or medium iron. At any rate, it is a great maid-of-all-work, and I would rather be parted from any other club in my little white canvas bag.

I sometimes wonder whether this war will have one good effect upon golfers in teaching them that they really can get on just as well in point of their scores with fewer clubs and get more interest out of the game into the bargain. I am afraid not, and yet I can honestly say that I have had more fun out of some improvised strokes, especially with that No. 4, than out of the straightforward ones. It was like old times to recollect that it was possible to hold the club now and then at the bottom of the leather. One valuable lesson I think one does learn from a small bag of clubs, that is when there is a serious doubt between two of them the larger is the one to take. Here was I, for instance, with a spoon and a No. 3 iron. If I doubted and finally took the iron I was always short, and if I took the spoon I do not recall having been ever noticeably too far. Vanity dies hard, and I admit that I dislike taking wood where I once could easily get up with an iron; but this is not merely a matter of vanity and old age and increasing shortness. However young and lusty we may be we are inclined to exaggerate the distance that we shall be past the hole with the bigger of two clubs. It is always worth while remembering that on the whole, we do better when we aim at the top of the flag-post and not at the bottom of it.

WHERE GREEK MEETS ALBANIAN

By HENRY BAERLEIN

WE are indebted to Edward Lear not only for his sublime books of nonsense but for his arduous travels in the remoter parts of Europe. "How pleasant to meet Mr. Lear!" he exclaims in one of his lighter moments; but it was sometimes otherwise, at least for him, as when he sat sketching at Scutari in northern Albania and the little Gheg boys were, he tells us, plentifully pelting him. As he proceeded towards the south he met with more politeness; for instance, in the Durazzo bazaar many persons greeted him—perhaps in the hope of selling their wares—as if he were an old acquaintance, and the rank of captain was generally bestowed upon him. He found that the castle is a building apparently Norman, though much patched and repaired, its fortifications extending down the hillside to the water's edge. On his way to the *khan* he passed groups of irascible female buffaloes which grunted and followed him with their porcelain-white eyes, as if he intended to embezzle their calves. Farther down he penetrated to the wild region of Himarra, that gloomy land of awful mountains and no less savage dogs who wage warfare with the wolves, and a shepherd will give his life for his dog, since he cannot live without it. There a chieftain will entertain you in old-world fashion—from ten to twenty persons every day sit round the tables of the rich—you may even be sprinkled with jasmine and rose-water. And while the fatted sheep is being roasted on the spit a man of mystery stalks out into the firelight from the shadows of the vast, bare room, and you perceive a fugitive from justice who was famous many years ago in western Europe.

All Himarra is now included in Albania, and therefore is in the grasp of Italy, but the dour inhabitants are much more in sympathy with Greece, as the Italians will be discovering when their lines of communication are attacked. So it was a century ago, when many Himarriotes crossed over to Italy in order to acquire more



HIMARRA, ALBANIA. FROM THE LITHOGRAPH BY EDWARD LEAR

skill as fighting-men; some of them under the Bourbons rose to be general officers, and yet in the Greek War of Independence every one of them, despite urgent requests that they should stay, returned to fight for Greece at Missolonghi and elsewhere. It is no figure of speech to say that the Himarriotes have lived for freedom. When the Italians in October, 1916, arrived in Himarra and proposed to enrol the people in their army, they met with such opposition that ninety of the chief men of Drymades, for instance, were transferred by them to a little desert island near Tripoli in Africa and kept there in strict seclusion. One hears that the Italians have been attempting to form Albanian regiments and requisition foodstuffs, with the result that insurrections against them are breaking out everywhere, among the Mirditi in the north, the Moslem

of the centre and the mixed population of the south. It was while in Drymades that Lear was startled by frightful shrieks from the upper room of a house, whereupon Anastasio, his servant, told him that this was the death-shriek for his uncle's brother who had just died. "Let us thank Heaven," said he, "that we have dined, as the Himarriotes will prepare no food on the day of a relative's death and everyone here is more or less related." Then two old women appeared, hoping to sell some fowls. Incautiously they left them on a ledge of rock, and when a couple of eagles carried off their hens they wailed as piercingly as for a departed relative and were only consoled when Edward Lear gave them the price of their hens, which was about twopence each. It is a hard life that such women lead; the traveller observed that the village of Pilieri in Himarra is surrounded on all sides by precipices which are inaccessible except to the women, who go about their daily avocation of gathering sticks and brushwood, which forces them to climb to the most fabulous spots.

What of the spirit of the people of Suli, blood-stained Suli, as it proudly calls itself? From 1788 to 1792 the iniquitous Ali Pasha tried by artifice to gain possession of this singular stronghold. When the son of its leader Tjavella fell into his hands and he threatened to torture him to death, "My son may perish," wrote Tjavella, "but if, young as he is, he is not satisfied to die for his country he is not worthy to live and to be known as my son." After another six years of bribery and skirmishing a part of the territory was lost, through the work of Fifth Columnists, and then came the protracted siege, an incident of which was the heroic conduct of three

hundred women, who flung themselves from the rocks down upon the enemy and routed them. When Ali heard of this he threw himself to the ground and, tearing his cheeks, he groaned in Albanian: "Bo, bo, Mendet Allah!" (Alas! alas! pity me, my God!)

The Governor of Suli was not too courteous on the night of Lear's arrival, but the faithful Anastasio managed to procure him a basin of rice soup. Before sunrise the next day everyone was about and the military duties of the garrison were interrupted by the circumstance of Lear having to wash his face in public. Officers and men gathered hastily at the report of this extravagance. It seems they thought it was a species of water-worship. Lear distributed some coffee among the Governor's men, and Anastasio was told by that personage to get his master to send to Suli a mirror, a good telescope, four wine-glasses, a cut glass bottle for spirits, pistols, scissors and English cloth.

On the other side of the frontier we have lately been hearing that the district of Tsamourriá, stolen from Albania in 1913, must be restored by Greece, and the Italians protest that Daut Hoggia, whose death they deplore, was a patriot who strove all his life for the return of this province to his native land. In that contention there are a few inexactitudes: Hoggia was a simple murderer who had been wanted for many years before two other Albanians killed him in a brawl, and Tsamourriá was Turkish until 1913, when, as its inhabitants are predominantly Greek, it was allotted to that country. There was no independent Albania until the arrival of William of Wied in 1914. One of the most attractive places in that region is Parga. "The beautiful and extensive groves of olive," says Lear, "clothe all the hills and hang over rock and cliff to the very sea with delightful and feathery luxuriance." The landscape appeared to him to be more Calabrian than Albanian in character. A new town was being built by the shore, the natives having abandoned their ancient castle and town which consisted of little more than ruined walls.

So great has been the constant desolation of this part of the Adriatic that the recent policy of Italy is to be doubly regretted. In southern Albania she has closed all the Greek schools, to the extreme disgust of the population. "We are patriotic Albanians, make no mistake about that," they told me, "but in the present state of the Albanian language it is absolutely necessary that our boys should be instructed in Greek." Their own tongue is, in fact, so primitive that even the shyest Albanian youth, unable to say in his own language "I love you," is compelled to say "I want you." And a missionary at Korytza, when favouring the people with tracts in Albanian, did not assure them that "Blessed are the poor in spirit," but that "Blessed are the weak-minded." By the way, those tracts, according to Mr. Edmunds, a British traveller who witnessed the transaction, were left at a



"BLOODSTAINED" SULI. Lear's drawing of the rocks down which three hundred Albanian women cast themselves

Moslem school after the missionary, a Mr. Kennedy, had preached a little sermon, the Moslem master making no objection. It is doubtful whether Mr. Kennedy in his own United States would have permitted a Moslem gentleman to make himself similarly at home in a Christian school. But among those Albanians and Greeks of the borderland considerable tolerance prevails; one finds families that are half Moslem and half Christian who go along very well; one even finds people who belong to both religions, this being caused by the Turkish persecutions of old. The Pashas of Bulgaria and the Islamised Greeks of Crete have identified themselves with the religion to which they have been converted; and so the Albanians who adopted the Moslem faith, in southern Albania at all events. It is true that Moslem Albanians in Italian uniforms were told off in 1916 to terrorise the Grecophiles, but this they did under compulsion and following the example of the Italians, as when the carabinieri desecrated the Holy of Holies in the Orthodox churches of Houmenitza and Locastro. Left to themselves, the people

of those parts would, save for an occasional exuberance, live and let live. I found that in the village of Tschorai, where the population is mixed, the Christians during Lent prepare a special cake, half of which—for the Moslem—is made with butter, eggs and meat, while the other half—for themselves—contains none of these ingredients.

One reason why the Italians are anxious to obtain as much as possible of the Greek coast to the south of Albania is the deplorable condition of the Albanian harbours; ships have to lie a longish distance from the quays of every port, and the dredging would be less convenient than obtaining other ports. A typical Albanian harbour is at Santi Quaranta, a dull little place. This Italian name, by the way, is a translation from the Greek "Aghii Saranta," which refers to the forty martyrs who were killed apparently at Sebastopol many centuries ago; the high-lying old church, now the abode of savage dogs, was dedicated to them. The Albanians call the town "Sarande," and this in their language has no meaning; but that causes them no sleepless

nights. It was there in the rather elementary inn that I became acquainted with a typical Albanian Moslem. He wore a silver chain round his neck, his eyes were black and restless, he sported a small black moustache, a black fez and black nails. He was drinking wine. "The Koran," he said—he was one of the numerous Albanians who have been to America—"the Koran tells us to take it easy; and so, when we have pork and wine we do not have too much of them."

I came across another instance of the praiseworthy lack of fanaticism among the Moslem near Santi Quaranta. There was no Mohammedan of sufficient education to carry out the priestly functions, and when an epidemic broke out among the sheep some Mohammedan farmers begged the Orthodox priest—an old gentleman who had lived in that dreary spot for twenty-seven years—to pray over the survivors. He did so and they understood no word of it, but they did not haggle about the fee, nor did they even ask that payment should be postponed until the efficacy of the prayer had been proved.

FARMING NOTES

THE MILITARY RELENT—BOMBS AND LIVESTOCK—POTATO DISTRIBUTION—ONIONS AND CARROTS—FEEDING OATS TO CATTLE—EGG PRICES

THE military are now relenting somewhat in their programme of defence works, and some modifications are being made which will enable farmers to get on with their job better. In Kent several hundred acres have been released for agricultural use, and the military have agreed to make good the damage which they did in the summer by very heavy trenching across the fields. With deep wide trenches traversing the ground it was made quite impossible for farmers to plough and crop the land. There have been a good many cases where county committees have served ploughing orders on such heavily trenched land and the farmer is quite prepared to crop the land, but he has been prevented by these trenches and other obstructions. Now the Army are apparently prepared to fill in these trenches if the land is to be ploughed. I imagine the farmer concerned should make contact with the war agricultural committees and get their backing for an application to the local commander. If troops can be spared in a locality where the enemy has made a mess of agricultural land with bomb craters, troops will also tackle this job, but the farmer affected will have to put up a strong case and use all his powers of persuasion with the local commander. There are a great many of these bomb craters on agricultural land. It is all to the good that the bombs fell so harmlessly.

Livestock grazing in the fields seem to take these diversions very calmly. I was on one farm this week where a bomb dropped within sixty yards of a flock of sheep folded in hurdles. The hurdles remained intact, and the sheep seemed to be as placid as ever in the morning. There are some stories going around about milk yields being adversely affected by bombs dropped in the vicinity. The cow is certainly a more sensitive animal than the sheep, and a bomb dropped in the cow pasture is now being accepted as a good reason for a drop in the butter-fat and solids-not-fat in the cow's milk. Two farmers in my neighbourhood have got away with this defence in the past month, and I have no doubt that it is a sound one.

The Ministry of Food is taking a census of potato stocks this month. The information gathered will show whether there is likely to be any substantial surplus and how far the Government will have to go in buying up surplus potatoes. Yields generally seem to have been on the high side this year, but consumption presents an abnormal problem. It seems certain that more main-crop potatoes should be held in the pits until the spring and early summer, because we shall not be able to import anything like the normal quantities of early potatoes. A complication arises from the re-distribution of population. London

will not want nearly so many potatoes as usual, but the Home Counties will certainly want more. So will areas like Wales and the West Country, which have a greatly swollen population. Captain Mollett and the Potato Section of the Ministry of Food will have some difficult calculations to make in determining their buying policy. It is stated that the Ministry will purchase surplus supplies of ware potatoes from time to time throughout the season for manufacture and stock-feeding at prices equal to the prescribed minimum growers' price for the grade at the time of purchase in the district where grown. Generally speaking, these purchases will be of potatoes of the lower grades. Ware potatoes, remaining unsold at the end of the season, will be purchased at the mid-season (January and February, 1941) minimum growers' prices for the lowest grade in the district where grown. Off-grade potatoes of ware size, affected by grub or wireworm, will be eligible for purchase by the Ministry, but at lower prices than other ware potatoes, according to the degree of damage. A few wireworm will improve the protein content of the meal or whatever product the Ministry manufactures from these surplus potatoes.

We have heard a great deal about the high price of onions and the shortage of supplies. Onions are not a crop to which market gardeners in this country take very kindly. They call for a great deal of hand labour and are rather tricky to grow. One grower told me the other day that he had increased his acreage this season, but the results had been rather disappointing because when the rain came late in the summer the onions started growing out from the necks and he has a very poor sample. No doubt they are saleable when supplies generally are so short. Carrots are more popular with growers, and in the eastern counties there are one or two "carrot kings" who regularly grow quite a big acreage. They have expanded again this season and supplies are apparently very plentiful. The price is nothing like that reached by onions recently. Merchants have been paying £4-£5 a ton on the farm for carrots. This price will probably improve as the winter goes on, but there is no suggestion of any likely shortage. In the old days some farmers used to grow carrots regularly for their cattle. The varieties they grew were very coarse and had a hard core, but they provided some first-class feeding material. In fact, there is probably nothing better for winter milk production than carrots. Not only do the cows like them, but the carotene in the root helps marvellously to keep up the colour of the milk.

In Cumberland and some parts of North Wales it used to be quite a common practice to feed oats unthreshed. On the higher ground

in these climes the oat crop will not always come to maturity, and rather than have their crops hanging about late into the autumn farmers cut on the green side before all the goodness had gone out of the straw into the grain. As so many farmers have grown more oats this year, it is worth mentioning that an allowance of 24lb. (about one and a half sheaves) of unthreshed oats with 5lb. of good hay is reckoned to be sufficient for a dairy cow for maintenance and for the first two gallons of milk. When mixed with roots 15-20lb. of roots can be fed for every pound of chaffed oats. Forty pounds of this mixture with 6lb. or 7lb. of hay will provide mixture for a dairy cow. Unthreshed oats, either chaffed or long, have been fed successfully to young cattle, fattening cattle, horses, and also to sheep. Inevitably some grain is lost and trodden under foot and some grain may pass undigested through the animals. It is a good plan to run a few pigs along with the cattle where the oats are being fed to cattle in the yards.

The 4d. egg now seems to have established itself firmly in the public mind. It does not seem to be realised that this price applies only to the highest grade of eggs which have passed through one of the Ministry of Food's approved packing stations and have been marked with the official stamp. The highest price which can be charged for rough graded eggs is 3½d. No doubt a great many people are breaking the law. Ignorance is no excuse, and it will not be surprising to find a crop of prosecutions. I see that two gentlemen named Max Schonbach and Benjamin Brazil were fined £1,000 each at Glasgow for contravention of the Egg (Maximum Prices) Order. It was alleged that they had paid to an Irish firm more for eggs than they should have paid and also sold the eggs at more than the prices fixed.

It would be interesting to hear how the Ministry of Food's Egg Marketing Scheme is going. The idea underlying the scheme is to give producers preferential prices if they send their eggs to packing stations through which they can be sent on to the towns. These eggs are stamped officially and carry a higher price than the eggs sold in the ordinary way in country districts. More eggs may be getting through to London under this scheme, but it seems pretty certain that if the housewife in the country really wants eggs and can afford the price she will break the law and get them. Fourpence apiece makes eggs a comparatively dear food, but even if the producer also breaks the law and gets 4d. each for all his eggs, he is probably not making a large profit to-day. The hens are laying poorly, and the price of laying mash and corn has mounted up. From the fact that the country markets are well supplied with old hens at the present time it seems probable that more producers are now reducing their flocks.

CINCINNATUS.

CORRESPONDENCE

BRITISH OFFICERS PRISONERS OF WAR AT OFLAG IXA, GERMANY

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—In the photograph of British Prisoners of War in Germany published in your issue of October 5th, the fifth from the right in the second row from the back is very like our son (but we cannot be certain), 2nd Lieutenant E. J. M. Buxton, who was taken prisoner in Norway early in May. We have had a letter from him, dated early in August, saying he is now in Oflog VII C, after being in nine camps in six weeks. It is possible that he may have been in Oflog IXA for a short time. In your issue of October 10th you published a short poem written by him.—A. M. BUXTON, Remenham, Wilmslow, Cheshire.

[Since republishing the photograph with the names of those officers so far identified in last week's issue, we have received a further letter from the Rev. Leonard J. Birch in which he encloses a note from the Adjutant of the 7th Royal West Kent Regiment, confirming seven of the identifications made in Mr. Birch's letter, and suggesting three more, about which, however, some doubt exists. (Top Row)—No. 2 from left, "believed to be" 2nd Lieutenant R. S. Bristow Jones, Royal West Kent Regiment. (This officer has previously been identified as 2nd Lieutenant I. Hunter, The Black Watch). (Second Row, standing)—No. 2 from left, "believed to be" Captain H. J. Langdon, Royal West Kent Regiment. (Front Row)—No. 8 from left, an officer who "served with C Section, No. 7 Reserve M.T. Coy., R.A.S.C.—name believed to be Capt. Sharp."—ED.]



HIVES IN THE ADAM MANNER

DECORATED BEEHIVES

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—A few years ago it was the custom among bee-keepers to have their hives made with various decorative features such as fancifully cut eaves, porches, etc. The coming of the mass-produced hive has changed this rather pleasant feature of the apiary. I send a photograph showing two hives, nicely decorated in the Adam manner, seen recently on the heather moors. The painting was very neatly carried out in red, green, and gold, and the two hives struck a pleasant and unusual note among their similar but undecorated brethren.—R. LYALL.

FISHERMEN AND FISH PRICES

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—When do the Government intend to control the price of fish? Early in the war a control price was fixed, but as this was a ridiculous price, insufficient to meet the on-shore fisherman's running expenses, the fishermen very properly refused to land their fish and dumped it in the sea. But instead, then, of fixing a fair price for fish, the control was completely lifted, with the result that we are now faced with the following grave incongruities:

- (1) In certain fishing villages, where local influence has exempted the fishermen from Naval service, there are farcical instances of families of fishermen openly boasting that they have made the incredible figure of £500 in one week's fishing.
 - (2) In another village, where all the fishermen under forty have been called up, their dependents are receiving 7s. a week from a generous country.
 - (3) The poor people of the same villages are expected to pay 2s. a quarter for fish that cost 1s. a quarter before the war; or more for a quarter of fish than for 1lb. of meat.
- Now I personally do not begrudge the fishermen their reward, for the dangers and hardships

of their calling entitle them to a good return for the starvation prices of the last ten years; but I do complain of the injustice of certain fishermen being exempted by local influence from war service, while their neighbours must lay up their boats for a miserable compensation, and forego this rich harvest; and I do complain at the injustice of the poor people of these same villages having to pay double for their fish, when the fishermen are earning ten and twenty times their pre-war figure, and when the cost of living is already drastic.

I suggest, therefore, that the Government should either again impose a control price for fish, which gives a generous recompense to the fishermen for the additional dangers and expenses of war-time fishing—this would be fairest to the general public; or else impose an excess profits tax, the returns from this to be handed into a central pool for those fishermen serving in the Navy and their dependents, and shared out among the latter monthly or quarterly.—RICHARD PERRY.

EVOLUTION OF A FLORA

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—Your footnote to my letter on *Siegesbeckia orientalis* establishing itself at Freshfield railway station is very interesting, but Liverpool's world-wide trade cannot account for all the specialities of the flora of these West Lancashire dunes, which are probably the most interesting botanical sanctuary in the country. There has been a state of evolution going on here for many years. Our small local sub-species of Grass of Parnassus (*Parnassia palustris condensata*), of which I enclose a photograph which I took on the Ainsdale sanctuary, when guide to a field-meeting of the Blackburn Naturalists' Field Club, is probably the result of generations of rabbits nibbling this plant. The famous "doubling of the chromosomes" in a hybrid evening primrose, which produced *Einothra Lamarkiana* on the Dutch dunes, was emulated on the West Lancashire dunes, as Charles Bailey first showed, near Lytham, and other botanists later, near Southport. Since then another, as yet unnamed, hybrid has spread over our dunes. Commerce merely spread the common evening primrose with the opening of the railway. Moreover, other plants are being introduced to this area by the currents of the River

Ribble, which has brought plants down-stream to the estuary and deposited them near Southport. Currents have also brought the sea-radish from the Lytham to the Southport side of the estuary in recent years, and it has successfully established itself in its new haunt. In 1924 a Southport naturalist reported an hermaphrodite white bryony on the dunes, and in 1935 an Ainsdale friend showed me a plant in his garden, which much interested the authorities when sent to Kew. This year I came across four plants of white bryony on the dunes at Woodvale and every one was hermaphrodite. This curious aberration is now colonising the dunes. True, local rock gardens contributed the white stonecrop so common over the dunes, and local farms the wild asparagus, but nature herself has had a direct hand in most of the flora of these dunes, where we have found 150 plants in flower in one day.—ERIC HARDY.

A READER'S TRIBUTE

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—May I be allowed to offer you my personal thanks and admiration for the way in which you succeed in maintaining the standard of COUNTRY LIFE? It is an example of what can be achieved by technical skill, joined to creative power.—D. J. P.

CRAB-APPLE JUICE

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—It has been semi-officially asserted that the juice of crab apples (readily extracted by pounding the fruit) makes the best possible substitute for the juice of those costly and scarce luxuries, lemons. The crab-apple juice should be strained and bottled for a month before being used. Actually lemon juice is itself a relative novelty. Our Admiralty provisioners formerly supplied limes as an anti-scorbutic: the superior qualities of lemons were a nineteenth-century discovery. Some little time ago German chemists found that the valuable



A SUB-SPECIES OF THE GRASS OF PARASSUS FROM WEST LANCASHIRE

anti-scorbutic Vitamin C exists in valuable quantities in ripe rose hips. Accordingly the Reich authorities arranged for the distribution of 500,000 wild-rose plants, as hip producers, along the State railway tracks. Might we not improve on the idea by planting alternate stretches with crab apples and wild roses?—J. D. U. W.

WROUGHT IRONWORK AT DERBY

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—Your recent timely article on the saving of fine old ironwork from the scrap heap, which prompted a reader to send a photograph of the turnpike gate at Keighley, also suggests to me that the historic wrought-iron gates standing outside the Derby Free Library might be of interest too. Made over two hundred years ago by Robert Bakewell, a Derby wrought-ironworker, they originally stood on a bridge which led to an island on the River Derwent, where John Lombe built the first successful silk-mill in England. It says much for the craftsmanship and material of those days, for the gates are in as fine a condition as when made. Having survived the last war, they were moved to their present site in 1920 by a far-seeing corporation, and to-day, safe from the scrap merchant, they are an historic relic of the silk industry born in this town.—F. RODGERS.



WROUGHT IRON GATES MADE BY ROBERT BAKEWELL



A VENETIAN SCENE IN CHESTER
AN ENGLISH "BRIDGE OF SIGHS"
TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—At Cambridge one of the St. John's College bridges across the Backs is popularly known as "the Bridge of Sighs" after a fancied resemblance to the one at Venice. But I think that your readers will agree with me that the view shown in this photograph comes a good deal nearer to the original. It is taken from the tow-path of the city canal at Chester. It is pleasant to see a fine old-fashioned bridge in the foreground in these days when we make so little use of our system of inland waterways.—F. R. W.

A QUIXOTIC SPROUT

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—COUNTRY LIFE readers may be interested in this account of a Brussels sprout plant that was brought up in a nursery plot and planted out with its fellows—all the other plants in the row flourished. This one only grew three inches above ground, and produced two leaves, but these did not stand

up but continued to grow in the ground. Under the impression that the roots had been attacked by some pest, it was dug up, and to my amazement found to have produced no fewer than thirteen little sprouts with good hard centres, but of course entirely lacking chromation. When this discovery was made, the earth was freshened up and the plant put back, to see what its next effort will be in defying Hitler's bombs.—C. M. PARSONS.

A HIGHLAND REGIMENT'S BADGE

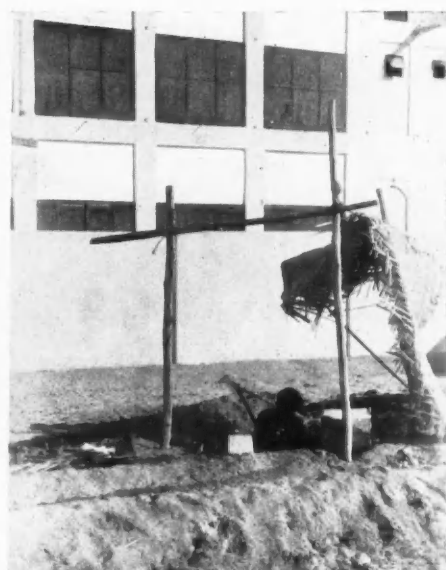
TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—In your issue of September 21st a representation of the badge of the Highland Light Infantry is reproduced which contains three errors. The correct badge has the monogram H.L.I. within the hunting-horn (not the castle of Gibraltar); the castle and key, superscribed Gibraltar, appears only on the Colours. The badge is superimposed on the star of the Order of the Thistle; it is misleading to call it the St. Andrew's Cross, though I admit that the full title of the Order is "The Most Ancient and Noble Order of Knighthood of St. Andrew and The Thistle." Thirdly, the Indian elephant at the base has horizontal, not dependent, tusks—which are typical of the African elephant. I attach the correct badge, which you may like to publish.—H. H. M. HARRIS, Colonel.

[We regret the errors in the published illustration of this badge—the most elaborate of the light infantry regiments' badges. Regimental badges are, in many instances, subject to minor alterations, and not infrequently differ as between various battalions. But every precaution has been taken to ensure that the published badge is in accordance with the latest regulations.—Ed.]



THE REGIMENTAL BADGE OF THE
HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY



GARDEN-MAKING ON CORAL ROCK

A GARDEN IN BAHREIN

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—I enclose a photograph showing the difficulties of making a garden in Bahrein, or rather in this compound, which is solid coral rock with about half an inch of dust on it. Sand and humus have to be carted from outlying parts and spread to a depth of 2ft. or so, but to grow any trees or bushes it is necessary to hack through the rock to a depth of about 6ft., and this is what is illustrated: the poles and matting are for shade. Water is a problem unless you have your own well, but though we have not got that, our landlord, who has, has kindly arranged for his swimming-bath to be emptied on to the garden once a day.—R. M. C. DOBBS, Bahrein, Persian Gulf.

[News of the bombing attack by Italian aircraft on this neutral island in the Persian Gulf was announced on the same day that this letter was received. It may be that some useful preliminary "hacking" has been done by the Italians!—Ed.]

THE NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING

THE SALE AND RACING

THOUGH there was no four-figure sale to record at the bloodstock auction which Messrs. Tattersall held on the day previous to the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, the market was infinitely more steady. Such business as was done was genuine, and the general feeling among the representative collection of "regulars" around the ring was one of optimism, which premises well for the December Sales that begin on Tuesday, December 3rd, and for which entries definitely close on Monday, November 11th. As was generally expected, the eight year old Foxlaw mare, Fox Lair, who was one of three listed by Mrs. H. G. Glorney, was the property

most in demand. Bred for stamina on her sire's side, she won the Park Hill Stakes, and, like Rich Fare, Good Sport, Grey Steppe and other winners, comes from the Clearwell Stakes winner, Damask, she by Lemberg from Obliterate's dam, Damage. Lord Glanely, the British Bloodstock Agency and Mr. Purcell, who manages for Miss Dorothy Paget, were all keen bidders, and it was not until 600gs. was reached that the hammer fell to the bid of Mr. Purcell. Actually the next best price was the 350gs. which Sam Armstrong, the Middleham trainer, disbursed for a well moulded chestnut colt by Coup de Lyon from the Spion Kop mare, Rose of Jericho; but of more par-

ticular interest was the fact that Colonel Hornung is very evidently going to follow in his late father's footsteps as an owner-breeder, and proved this by going to 330gs. for the young Buchan mare, Chinchona, the dam of Dubonnet, and to 220gs. for Buvette, another Buchan mare, who is an own-sister to the Jockey Club Cup winner, Bucellas—both acquired from among the bloodstock listed by his late father's executors. The obituary list of bloodstock breeders and owners has recently been a heavy one, and to see a new owner coming in or carrying on is a welcome sign. The rest of the sale calls for little comment, the more so as the opening day's racing was of fascinating interest.



THE CESAREWITCH STAKES WON BY MR. EDWARD ESMOND'S HUNTER'S MOON IV, G. RICHARDS UP. THE WINNER IS ON THE RIGHT, LEADING; SIR POMM, WHO WAS SECOND, IS NEXT TO THE WINNER

Naturally, the Cesarewitch and the Criterion Stakes for two year olds were the features of the card, and in the former, Hunter's Moon IV proved what a good horse he is by carrying the welter-weight of 9st. 5lb. to victory with consummate ease. French bred and owned by Mr. Edward Esmond, who has, for the moment, found a home in America, he is by Foxlaw's Ascot Gold Cup-winning son, Foxhunter, from Pearl Opal, she by the Grand Prix de Paris winner, Bruleur, the sire of four French Derby winners, out of Pearl Maiden, a Phaleron mare, who was bought by Mr. Esmond at the December Sales of 1925 for 1,000gs. Pearl Maiden has bred the French One Thousand Guineas and Oaks victress, Pearl Cap, the French One Thousand Guineas winner, Bipearl, the French Derby winner, Pearlweed, and four other winners of twenty-two races carrying 3,413,114 in francs, and is out of Seashell, a daughter of Orme, who at one time changed hands at a Tattersall's auction for the proverbial "fiver," and was out of Rydal Fell, a three-parts sister to the St. Leger winner, Troutbeck. The fact that Foxhunter is a grandson of Son-in-Law puts one more long-distance race to the credit of the line of the late Sir Abe Bailey's grand old horse. Further honour comes his way through Sir Pomm, who finished second, as his sire was the Ascot Gold Cup winner, Foxlaw; incidentally, his dam was the chestnut Pommern mare, Pommerellen, who was out of a half-sister to the late Lord Dewar's famous horse, Abbot's Trace. King Legend, a half-brother to William of Valence, took third place, and Finis, who is a like relation to the Derby winner, Felstead, was fourth.

Nine youngsters came out for the Criterion Stakes, and Owen Tudor, a son of Hyperion, who made a great impression when he won the Salisbury Stakes upon his first appearance on a racecourse at Salisbury in May, was installed a hot favourite; for a time he looked like



W. A. Rouch

H.M. THE KING'S FIRST WAR-TIME WINNER, MERRY WANDERER, WHO WON THE BESTWOOD NURSERY PLATE AT NOTTINGHAM

justifying the confidence placed in him, but at the end of five of the six furlongs found a very distinct limitation to his stamina and faded out, almost ignominiously, to finish unplaced behind Starwort, Hyacinthus and Sun Ray. A son of Noble Star, who is one of the few British-bred sires to carry the St. Simon line in direct male descent, the winner comes from Grass Widow, a Son-in-Law mare, who was out of Silver Grass, the dam of Pampas Grass and other good winners; Hyacinthus is by Hyperion out of Sweet Wall, a half-bred half-sister by Cygnus to Soloptic, and Sun Ray claims Solario as his sire and the Winalot mare, Pinchin, as his dam. All are home-bred, but it is doubtful if there is a really good one among them. They can hardly rank as being among the best of our two year olds, and better ones may come from among the nine youngsters who took part in the Dewhurst Stakes on the second day.

The winner of this event was the Beckhampton-trained colt Fettes, who belongs to Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan and is by the Derby winner, Felstead, from Fair Diana, a half-sister by Hurry On to Holyrood and other good winners, from Daughter-in-Law, a three-parts sister in blood to the One Thousand Guineas winner, Straitlace, by Son-in-Law out of the St. Frusquin mare, Clerical Error. A well made, lengthy colt, with plenty of rein and heart room, Fettes, like the majority of his sire's stock, will be all the better for another winter over his head; he ran well at Newmarket, and in Lambert Simnel and the unnamed colt from Leighon Tor had two useful sorts behind him, while Château Larose and St. Seiriol were also in the field. Lambert Simnel is a colt to watch.

In every way the Champion Stakes—the other big event on the Thursday—was a fiasco. The Derby winner Pont l'Évêque was made a hot favourite, but failed to accommodate himself to the ten furlongs, and not finding a sufficiency of finishing speed

was, so it appeared from the Press Stand, well beaten by the last-minute dash of the Aga Khan's Stardust, superbly ridden by Harry Wragg, with Hippius intervening on sufferance to fill the second place. The defeat of Pont l'Évêque, a much-improved colt since his race in the New Derby, was a tragedy, inasmuch as the distance was all too short for him and, with another half-mile to go, he would have won as easily as he did in the substitute classic. Stardust's, or, rather, Harry Wragg's, brilliant victory and their subsequent disqualification came as an unfortunate climax to an unsatisfactory race. No jockey, in the writer's experience, has ever ridden a better race than did Wragg; apparently, something happened, in the mist that was prevalent, that was not noticed by the majority of onlookers. Hippius, following an objection, was awarded the race; despite that, all who witnessed the event will always remember Harry Wragg's Champion Stakes. ROYSTON.

THE ESTATE MARKET

THE TREND OF BUSINESS

IT is not usual to reveal the sums paid for property that changes hands by private negotiation, but information supplied by agents, supplemented by indirect sources of information, enable us to compute it as running to a figure of approximately £25,000 a week, even in the duller of recent days.

The four main types of saleable property in the open market at the moment seem to be farms, for which there is excellent competition everywhere; small houses let on weekly tenancies; licensed premises, purchased by brewers; and reversionary interests and life assurance policies. Approximately half the money now being paid for farms is found by private buyers or corporate bodies who are seeking an investment; of the other categories the weekly tenancies and the reversions appeal to two strongly contrasted classes of buyers.

Undoubtedly the market for houses and other premises would receive a strong stimulus if the authorities would expedite the scheme for universal insurance against war risks. While the introduction of such a scheme would liberate a lot of money that is held in reserve against the contingency of having to repair and replace damaged structures, it might make inroads into funds that must sooner or later otherwise find their way into war stocks, and for that reason, among others, the progress towards announcing a scheme is not hurried. Meanwhile money on deposit at the banks is yielding its owners next to nothing. To borrow from the banks is another story.

EAST ANGLIA AND DEVON

THERE is still a lack of enterprise on the part of the buying public concerning East Anglian freeholds, so many of which can be picked up for very small sums. The risks of war loss through enemy action in this part of the country are not appreciably greater than in many places where property still fetches a fair price, and the opportunity of eventual profit, for those who do not desire to reside on a property, are apparently very attractive.

A couple of lots sold in Norwich within the last few days were dealt with by Messrs. Irelands, and are typical of prevailing prices. One was Chestnut Farm, 20 acres in Dog Lane, Horsford, sold for £820, and the other was a freehold of

26 acres of arable and pasture at Hevingham, which fetched no more than £227. Both lots are available without delay.

The sale is announced by Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock's office, in St. James's Place, of the Georgian country house, Ratcliffe, Clyst Hydon, a Devonshire freehold of 49 acres, a few miles from Sidmouth. The sale follows soon after the auction.

FARMS OFFERED AND SOLD

MESSRS. JAMES STYLES AND WHITLOCK'S Oxford office offers a large selection of country residential properties, all freehold and with early or immediate right of entry. Among them may be mentioned a Tudor manor house in 2 acres, four miles from Banbury; a perfectly equipped property of 6 acres, between Henley-on-Thames and Oxford, for which £5,250 is asked; as well as what seems to be an exceptionally favourable opportunity, a Georgian house and half an acre of garden in Buckinghamshire offered at only £850. The firm's list also includes a Cornish coastal freehold, complete with furniture, for £1,600, and a small house in 5 acres, in Hampshire, for £2,400.

Messrs. Hampton and Sons can negotiate the sale of a Somersetshire farm of 100 acres at a low price. The stone house is equipped in the modern manner, with electric light and central heating, and there are ample buildings, while the sporting rights are of considerable value, the shooting being very good.

A Cumberland farmhouse of sixteenth-century date, and 142 acres, at Wastwater, are offered by Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff through their Leeds office. The trout and salmon fishing on the holding are first-rate.

An important auction was held at Derby by Messrs. Richardson and Linnell, and among the freeholds with possession that changed hands was Bowbridge House Farm, 50 acres, in the picturesque locality of Mackworth, for which the final and accepted bid was £3,700.

THE TENDENCY OF AUCTIONS

CHESHIRE property continues to find a fairly ready sale under the hammer, farms being as usual the brightest feature. Other sales held in

the last few days include Warren House and 10 acres in Burton, a freehold with immediate possession for which Mr. Joseph Wright accepted a final offer of £1,500 at an auction at Tarvin.

The largest sum paid at auction during the last week of October was £8,700, which Messrs. Turner, Fletcher and Essex were successful in obtaining under the hammer at Nottingham for The Robin Hood and Little John freehold fully licensed premises at Arnold. These sales, and similar ones elsewhere, are of interest to owners who may be considering turning some of their isolated real property investments into cash. It is well to know that there is a market for promising lots.

The Church Farm, 196 acres in Boningale, Shropshire, changed hands under the hammer at Wolverhampton for £7,750 through the agency of Messrs. Nock and Josland. It is freehold with the right to possession at once. The price indicates how keen the competition is for sound farmland. No bidding in round figures marks the close of farm auctions nowadays; the farmers from far and near take the figures along at the minimum permissible advances towards what they assume to be the reserve. In other days they leapt forward by hundreds of pounds at a time, and an auction that may now take an hour could have been all over in ten minutes.

Fulmer Grange, near Stoke Poges, a modern residence occupying a delightful situation amidst grounds of 42 acres, has been sold by Messrs. Hampton and Sons. They have also sold Broomhouse, West Horsley, the Surrey home of Admiral Sir Henry Pelly, K.C.V.O., C.B. The residence, between Leatherhead and Ripley, stands in pretty, well wooded grounds of about 12 acres.

More than fifteen residential freeholds on the Surrey part of the North Downs have been sold by Messrs. W. K. Moore and Co. (Carshalton) during recent weeks. Most of the properties are situated in Banstead, Epsom, Ashted, East Ewell, Abinger and Great Bookham, and with practically every transaction an acre or more of land was included. In addition, this firm have disposed of Broomlands, Limpsfield, a dairy and grass farm with a period residence and nearly 300 acres; and Curtis Farm, Ruspur, a dairy holding of 60 acres. The number of houses let at satisfactory rentals has been large. ARBITER.

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A SON OF PHALARIS

HOLYROOD AT THE MANOR STUD

ANINE year old chestnut, with his coloration accentuated by a white blaze and a white off-hind sock, Mrs. Camille Evans' Holyrood fills the eye as the ideal type of stallion. He has a big crest, the best of forefronts, a well coupled up middle-piece, tremendous width of beam, powerful quarters, well let down hocks, and with all this goes an impressive, yet amiable, personality of the kind that, when found, is invariably an asset and, in part at least, responsible for a high-fertility percentage, which in the case of Holyrood was, in relation to his first crop of mates, the remarkable one of eighty-five.

Like so many other good sires, Holyrood descends in his tail male line from Stockwell through the medium of Doncaster, Bend Or, Bona Vista, Cyllene, Polymelus and his immediate sire, Phalaris. Every one of these horses is famous for one thing or another, so a little further detail is justifiable. Stockwell, who was a son of the St. Leger winner, The Baron, and was reared near Stamford to be sold as a foal by his breeder, Mr. Theobald, to Lord Exeter for £180, was backward as a youngster, but came into his own as a three year old, and collected brackets in the Two Thousand Guineas, the St. Leger and nine other races. After being sold to Lord Londesborough, he was retired to the Kirkby Farm, near Tadcaster, with £9,890 in prize-money to his credit. When he died, in 1870, he had been responsible for 209 winners of 1,147 races worth £362,451. A great sire, in fact, the leading one in this country on seven different occasions, he passed down his heritage to Doncaster, a product of the Sledmere Stud, who won, in the colours of his purchaser, Mr. Merry, the Derby, an Ascot Gold Cup, the Alexandra Plate and other events worth in all £7,510. Doncaster was sold by Mr. Merry to his trainer Robert Peck for £10,000, and within a week was passed on to the late Duke of Westminster for £14,000 to become the virtual founder of the Eaton Stud. Among the mares at Eaton when Doncaster arrived was Rouge Rose, an 18g. purchase, and from a mating with Doncaster in his first season as a stallion she became responsible for Bend Or, who, though never a true stayer, won the Derby, the City and Suburban, the Epsom Gold Cup and other events worth in all £17,518. Leaving the racecourse for the stallion boxes at Eaton, Bend Or in his first season from a mating with Lily Agnes begat Ormonde, from whom a branch of his line descends through Orme, Flying Fox, Ajax and Teddy. Until the crisis this was the most prolific one in France, and still is in America, but in this country the more common line of descent is through the Two Thousand Guineas winner, Bona Vista, the sire of Cyllene.

Cyllene in many ways was an extraordinary

horse. Coming from a daughter of Distant Shore, who was purchased by Sir Charles Day Rose as a yearling at the Hampton Court Sales of 1881, he was never entered for a classic, but despite that proved himself to be the best of his year and won races, including the Newmarket Stakes, the Jockey Club Stakes and the Ascot Gold Cup, of £25,630, before siring the Derby winners Cicero, Minoru, Lemberg and Tagalie; he was then exported to the Ojo de Agua Stud in Argentina, after being sold for £25,000. Were the story to run on according to expectations, Cicero, Minoru or Lemberg would be the next connecting link in the descending chain, but, strange to relate, none of the three had much to do with it, and it was left to Polymelus, who was just a good twelve-furlong handicapper, to carry on the line. Polymelus won eleven events, including the Duke of York Stakes and the Cambridgeshire, of £16,794, and by the time of his death in 1924 had sired the winners of 376 races worth £259,653½. Actually, like his ancestor, Stockwell, he headed the list of winning sires upon seven occasions, and numbered among his get such as the war-time triple-crown winner Pommern, the St. Leger victor Black Jester, and the Derby winner Humorist, but, as was the case with his sire, it was left to his handicapper-son, Phalaris, to keep the name and fame of the Bend Or line extant. This Phalaris did worthily, as he won fifteen races carrying £5,748 in war-time years, and was responsible for the winners of 403½ races carrying £334,975½ in specie.

So ends the story of Holyrood's male line, and his female lineage must now be considered. Belonging to the No. 3 Bruce Lowe family, Holyrood's sixth dam was an unnamed half-sister to the dam of the Two Thousand Guineas and Doncaster Cup winner, General Peel, called Musket's dam on account of the successes of her son, who scored in the Alexandra Plate and other long-distance races of £3,766, before being exported to New Zealand, there to become the sire of the immortal Carbine. Besides Musket, this mare bred Empress (£935), the Chester Cup winner Windsor (£2,159), and, at the ripe age of twenty-two, Holyrood's fifth dam, Mitraillouse. The last-named was by the Ebor St. Leger winner, Brother to Strafford. Holyrood's fourth dam was Breach, a Hagioscope mare, who was sold for 90gs. to Mr. Renwick, afterwards Sir John Renwick, at the First July Sales of 1907, with a chestnut filly-foal at foot.

Breach died a year later without having further produce, but the filly foal is a very different proposition, as under the apt name of Stolen Kiss she proved a rare bargain both on the course and as a matron. In the former sphere she won eleven of her fifteen races as a youngster, and in the end credited her owner with a total sum of



PHALARIS, HOLYROOD'S SIRE, WHO HAS BRED THE WINNERS OF 403½ EVENTS, WORTH £334,975½

£4,953—a nice profit on her cost as a foal. Actually this was not all, as, though no official price has ever been published, she was sold privately for a "stiff figure" to the Sledmere Stud, where she became responsible for Somme Kiss, Miss Dashwood, and Straitlace. The last, who cost the late Sir Edward Hulton 2,100gs. as a yearling, won the Oaks, the Coronation Stakes, the Nassau Stakes and other races worth in all £24,131 in his colours, and was sold to Mr. Edward Esmond for 17,000gs., the highest price ever paid for a mare at public auction. In addition, Stolen Kiss produced as her first foal Holyrood's grandam, Clerical Error, a St. Frusquin mare.

Only running as a two year old and scoring in one event worth £100 at Ripon, Clerical Error followed her dam to Sledmere, but was never a very great success as a matron. The best of her get was Daughter-in-Law, a three-parts sister by Son-in-Law to Straitlace, who was sold as a yearling for 750gs. and, after scoring in the Derby Cup and three other events of £3,614, was re-sold to the late Lord Woolavington for 6,000gs. and at h's Lavington Park Stud became responsible for such as Fair Diana (£3,046), Runaway Match (£2,307), Evangeline (£1,466), Defoe (£1,075), and the subject of this article, Holyrood.

The racing record of Holyrood reads as follows:

Two Year Old (1933).—Ran once unplaced.

Three Year Old.—Won Maiden Plate, Newmarket Craven Meeting, £321; second to Badruddin, Sussex Stakes, Goodwood; four times unplaced.

Four Year Old.—Won Wadham Plate, Sandown Park, £192; third in the Brighton Cup and the Maze Plate, Hurst Park; second to Good Deal, Brighton Autumn Cup; third to Almond Hill and Vitality, Redhill Handicap, Gatwick; twice unplaced.

Five Year Old.—Won Brinkley Handicap, Newmarket, £410; second to Protomartyr (rec. 15lb.), Apprentice Plate, Alexandra Park; third to Spiona and Hexham, Chipstead Handicap, Epsom; won Arthur Loraine Handicap, Sandown, £880; won Norwich Handicap, Newmarket, £434; five times unplaced.

Six Year Old.—Won Arthur Loraine Handicap, Sandown, £880; six times unplaced.

Total stakes won, £3,117.

It remains to add that Holyrood stands under the management of Mrs. F. M. Broomfield at her delightfully appointed Manor Stud at Bishop's Sutton, near Alresford in Hampshire. In view of his breeding, his performances and his fertility-percentage, his fee of £24 19s. inclusive may be considered a purely nominal one. A few nominations are vacant for 1941.

ROYSTON.



W. A. Rouch

THE LATE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S FAMOUS HORSE, BEND OR, A DIRECT ANCESTOR OF HOLYROOD

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AT MANOR STUD

BISHOP'S SUTTON, HANTS

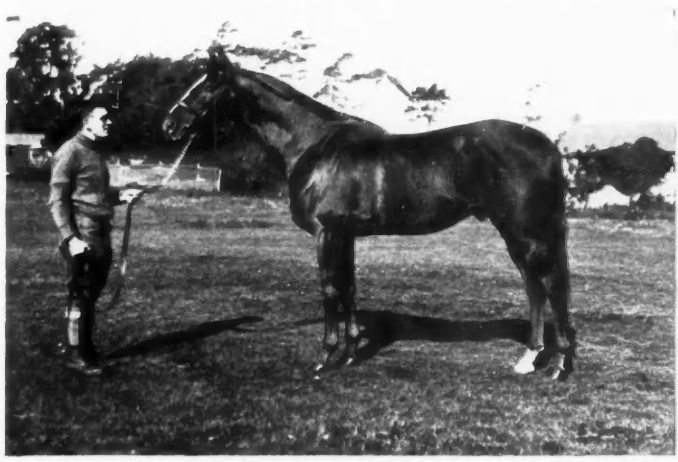
The property of Mrs. CAMILLE EVANS

HOLYROOD

FEE :

£24 : 19s.

inclusive



HOLYROOD (Chestnut, 1931)	PHALARIS 1 (Br. 1913) BROMUS (B. 1905)	POLYMELUS 3 (B. 1902)	Cyllene 9 (Ch. 1895)	Bona Vista 4 Arcadia	Bend Or Vista
			Maid Marian (Br. 1886)	Hampton 10 Quiver	Isonomy Distant Shore
			Sainfoin 2 (Ch. 1887)	Springfield 12 Sanda	Lord Clifden Lady Langden
			Cheery (Br. 1892)	St. Simon 11 Sunrise	Toxophilite D. of Y. Melbourne
					St. Albans Viridis
	SON-IN-LAW 5 (Br. 1911) CLERICAL ERROR (Ch. 1913)		Dark Ronald 9 (Br. 1905)	Bay Ronald 3 Darkie	Wenlock Sandal
			Mother-in-Law (B. 1906)	Matchmaker 22 Be Cannie	Galopin St. Angela
			St. Frusquin 22 (Br. 1893)	St. Simon 11 Isabel	Springfield Sunray
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By ISABEL CRAMPTON

ENGLISHWOMEN everywhere, and above all those who live in the country, never tire of the classical coat and skirt, and, after all, it is one of the things which we make so supremely well that every other nation has recognised the excellence of the English example. "English tailoring" has its special niche all the world over. There are another two or three factors besides that which may account for the Englishwoman's love of her coat and skirt; with different blouses or jumpers, scarves and hats it is possible to ring changes on it and feel freshly turned out as with no other scheme of dress: and it is universally becoming. Both the too thin woman and the too stout woman look their best in it, and if the comparative lengths of jacket and skirt are cleverly considered inches can be taken off or added to height, and greater length of leg can be suggested in cases where length of back is all too obvious. One small point which personal experience has brought home to me, the length of the coat should be very carefully decided from the point of view of where the lower edge will come when the wearer is sitting. If it comes where it will be crumpled up by the seat of car or chair it will soon spoil the effect of the suit: it must be definitely shorter or—more often in these days—definitely longer than that. The coat and skirt illustrated on this page was perhaps designed for country wear primarily, but would be quite a good choice for town too this war-time winter. It comes from Messrs. Studd and Millington, (65, Chancery Lane, W.C.1), is made in a charming fine tweed with a green line among its greys and whites, and has some very attractive features, notably the double pleats in the skirt, each set finished with a neat sprat's head, as can be seen in the photograph, and its very nice, unexaggerated revers and shoulders. This is a suit that will not "date" for several seasons and therefore a very good investment.

THE HAY-BOX: ITS USE AND LIMITATIONS

It has come as quite a surprise to me that such a number of women have never seen a hay-box or know how to make one. The fact emphasises the length of time that has passed since the last war, when most people made use of them. Their construction is very simple: a wooden box—a very

large tea-chest is a useful size—lined with several thicknesses of newspaper held in place with a final layer of some woolly material if you have it to spare but that is not essential. Pack the box tightly with clean, dry hay, leaving as many "nests" for cooking pans as can be contrived, with hay packed thickly all round them. Fill a cushion cover with hay to fit neatly between the pans and the lid. The pans of food are brought to the boil on the fire, gas or oil stove, then, their lids tightly fitted on, are put into the nests and covered with the cushion and box-lid, which must fasten firmly. The food in them will take fully twice as long to cook as in ordinary simmering. One word of caution: your pots are at the *crescendo* of heat when

you put them in, after that there is a *diminuendo*, very slow, certainly, but sure. Just as you would not put a dish of cooked porridge in a "warm" place and expect it to keep sweet, so food should not be left in the hay-box if not wanted within two or three hours of being done, but be taken out to cool, and re-heated before serving.

I know of one very bad case of ptomaine poisoning in the last war where fish, put in early in the morning, was not taken out till supper-time. Wisely used, the hay-box is a most excellent invention, and a very little experience will show you how long you can safely regard your own as keeping up cooking heat.

"ONLY CABBAGE"

"Only cabbage"—the lucky owner of a kitchen garden has to thank herself if those words ring in her ears too often this winter, but the woman whose cook must rely on the greengrocer will probably hear them very frequently. This made extremely welcome a set of cabbage recipes recently sent me by a friend who has been lecturing on war-time cookery and acquired them from the British Growers' Publicity Council. Cabbage salad, in which the fine leaves of a cabbage take the place of lettuce, with one dessert apple cut in rings and a few chives or small onions struck me as most useful, particularly as thin fresh pineapple slices could take the place of the apple and grated carrot that of the chives, and either oil and lemon juice (or good vinegar, I should suggest), or mayonnaise or any cream dressing can be used. Very good, too, should be "Cabbage Mould," for which a breakfastcupful of boiled cabbage has all moisture squeezed out of it, and is then chopped fine. Into this are stirred two well beaten small eggs and one ounce of melted margarine, pepper and salt. This mixture is packed into small moulds and steamed or baked till set. The moulds are then turned out on rounds of toast and sprinkled with two ounces of grated cheese. They are then slipped under the grill till the cheese is just melted, and served piping hot.

This sounds to me delicious in everything but name; somehow "Cabbage Mould" does not suggest anything very savoury and appetising. When I serve it I shall re-christen it "Green Savoury" or anything I can think of more attractive.



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